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THAT THE BANK OF ENGLAND has had to come to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and especially to the Bank of France, for a joint credit of $250,000,000 was probably not the most pleasant news for proud Englishmen to swallow, but the credit should at least stem the outward flow of gold and establish London confidence securely again. So securely, indeed, that some bankers do not even believe that any part of the credit will have to be used. The credit, it is worth pointing out, was granted practically without hesitation, by direct negotiation among the representatives of the banks and without the need of any seven-power conference of ministers. The Germans may perhaps be forgiven for wondering why a similar credit could not have been established in favor of the Reichsbank. The credit to the Bank of England, it is true, was necessary partly to enable London bankers to leave their balances in Germany, and so helps the Reichsbank indirectly, but more direct help is obviously necessary.

MEANWHILE THE GERMANS have been showing an admirable spirit in attempting to meet the crisis unaided. The raising of the Reichsbank's discount rate to 15 per cent, and of the rate on loans against collateral to 20 per cent, is a Spartan move. But such rates are strangulation rates; few industries, particularly in a time of grave economic depression, can stand them for more than a very brief time. How effective such staggering rates will be, and how the German banks will meet conditions after their reopening, may be known within a few days. It remains true that a prompt granting of a foreign credit several weeks ago would probably have prevented the present crisis altogether, and that such a credit could still be instantly effective. It would have to be perhaps twice as large as the credit to the Bank of England; instead of running for only three months, it might have to be an intermediate credit to run as long as two years; but if it were extended, it is highly probable that, as with the credit to the Bank of England, confidence would be so restored by the credit itself that very little of it would have to be used. The bankers who refuse such a loan through mere political—rather than economic—timidity will be taking a very grave responsibility upon their shoulders. Meanwhile one very reassuring fact has been the appointment of a banker of the quality and breadth of view of Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank, to serve as the American member on the committee organized by the Bank for International Settlements to examine into the question of Germany's immediate credit needs.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER has again spoken out admirably in an interview sent from mid-ocean by wireless to the New York *Times*. He, too, declares that the disarmament conference of next February must not fail, and he asserts that public opinion everywhere is so far in advance of governments that it will not be permitted to fail. Nothing could be truer than his declaration:

> The world needs no conference of military and naval experts, bent on balancing one equipment and one resource against another, but rather a conference of farsighted and constructive statesmen and men of affairs, who firmly intend to see that this broken world is rebuilt, and that quickly, before it is overcome by a new and perhaps fatal disaster.

This leads us to point out the necessity of peace advocates busying themselves at once with the question of the personnel of the commission to be appointed by Mr. Hoover. In the first place, every naval and military expert should be left in Washington. In the second place, Mr. Hugh Gibson should be permitted to fulfil his duties as Ambassador to Belgium. In the next place, the delegation should be headed by men who really believe in disarmament, and are prepared to go through with it. We trust that the President will send no more Joe Robinsons or Dave Reeds. We earnestly urge upon him the appointment of Senator William E. Borah, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, as one eminently fitted to lead, and with him should be associated Nicholas Murray Butler.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1914 Hermann Müller, then a rising young Socialist leader, risked his life in trying to bring the French and German Socialists together in opposing the World War. He traveled secretly to Paris only to have his overtures spurned by the French branch of the party. He returned to Berlin disillusioned and joined with

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the majority of his party in supporting the German war program. Had Müller, later twice Chancellor of the German Republic, succeeded in his mission, the war might have been prevented. It is inconceivable that either of the two governments could have carried on without the support of the great masses of working people represented by the French and German Socialists. Since the armistice the two parties have again been drawing closer together. Their leaders have become increasingly aware of the necessity of presenting a united front against war, and are more and more desirous of not repeating the mistake made in 1914. This was once more demonstrated at the recent sessions of the Socialist International in Vienna. Otto Wels, chairman of the German party, emphasized the need for solidarity. But more encouraging were the reply of Alexander Bracke, a French representative, who pledged the support of the French Socialists in opposing war, and the statement of Senator de Brouckère of Belgium, who declared that "it is not enough to hate war," but that the means and causes of war must also be attacked. He urged the party to "fight for disarmament and against the war danger." We fervently hope that the working-class leaders of Western Europe will remain as determined in their stand for peace should hostilities actually be threatened as they were in speaking from the comparative safety of a Vienna conference hall.

BRITISH JUSTICE, swift and unusually sure, is at its best in the case of Lord Kylsant, just sentenced to twelve months in jail for having issued a false prospectus "with intent to induce persons to intrust or advance property to the company." No sooner had the jury brought in its verdict of guilty than sentence was passed upon this man who until now has been one of the greatest figures in English business life. His offense was committed when he was at the head of the greatest combination of shipping lines ever brought together. To imagine an American analogue one would have to visualize a man of the type of James A. Farrell, head of the United States Steel Corporation, or the president of one of our great railroads, standing in the dock. What Lord Kylsant did was to permit the issuing of a prospectus which presented a favorable status of the Royal Mail shipping combination without making it clear that some of the amounts which made that favorable showing possible on paper had been taken out of secret reserves. The judge took a grave view of the crime, saying: "If it became known to the world that the balance-sheets of English companies could not be relied upon, it would be a very serious thing for this country." In sentencing the noble lord he told him that his offense was "very grave and very serious," so that he could not give him leniency. The speed of British justice is exemplified by the fact that Lord Kylsant's preliminary examination in the Lord Mayor's Court of London occupied only a few days, and that the whole trial of this extremely important and difficult case, which involved also the auditor, who was acquitted, took exactly nine days from beginning to end.

FREEDOM AT ANY COST is the demand advanced by Emilio Aguinaldo for the islands he once sought to defend against American aggression. This is the spirit in which the American Revolution was fought. It is the spirit in which any movement for liberty or independence must be carried forward to succeed. Aguinaldo does not blind himself to the possibility that independence for the Philippines may bring violence and bloodshed. But, he said, in replying to a questionnaire sent him by Senator Hawes of Missouri: "Civil wars and uprisings have in many cases been the price which independent peoples have had to pay in order to consolidate their institutions." Yet the noted rebel is not so headstrong as this statement seems to suggest. He would work out logically and carefully the various problems involved in the granting of independence. For example, he suggested to Senator Hawes that the present free-trade relationship between the Philippines and the United States be maintained for a period of five years after the islands are set free politically. This would give the Filipinos an opportunity to solve some of their more important economic problems under the protection of the United States but without at the same time being hampered by American politicians, as they are at present. Any other course would be very likely to prove disastrous. We owe it to the Filipinos that they be not set helplessly adrift. We are in duty bound to assist them as best we can. But their political freedom must come first, and this means our complete abstention from political interference in their domestic affairs.

THAT IS A MOVING APPEAL which Miss Josephine Roche, the president and majority stockholder of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company of Denver, has made to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in protest against a reduction of 20 per cent in the wages of the Rockefeller Colorado Fuel and Iron Company:

> One word from you can prevent a recurrence of the human and economic waste which will result from the action taken by your company, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, in cutting miners' wages 20 per cent. For forty years industrial conflict has periodically broken out in Colorado as a result of similar attempts to secure operating profits at the sole expense of workers. Following the Colorado loss of life and property in 1914, which culminated in the Ludlow massacre, you widely advertised a new industrial program by public assurances, which now take on fresh importance, to the effect that conditions leading to industrial upheaval in Colorado would never recur. But the causes of industrial unrest were not removed, and the traditional and anti-social methods of the past are being again employed by your company.

Miss Roche correctly adds that the disorganization and chaos of the coal industry cannot be cured by forcing labor to take lower wages and "by sidestepping the responsibility for correcting operating and marketing abuses," which responsibility in the last resort rests upon the owners. We have a great deal of admiration for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as a public-spirited citizen staggering under the most grievous burden of wealth ever put on an individual's shoulders. But we cannot understand his refusal to go to Colorado, to see for himself the condition of his employees and to study on the spot the conduct of his operating officers.

HENRY FORD has shut down his Detroit automobile factories almost completely. At least 75,000 men have been thrown out of work; they have been given an unwanted summer "vacation" without pay. Press dispatches say that the plants may be reopened within a few weeks. But to what sort of wages will the men come back, if and when they do

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come back? To the high wages of which Mr. Ford has so proudly boasted in the past? Apparently not. Although the newspapers say nothing of it, information reaching us from a reliable source in Detroit suggests that even the much-advertised Ford wage scale is to be slashed as a result of the depression. "The men now laid off," our correspondent writes, "are laid off permanently. That is, their badges have been taken from them. When, and if, they are rehired it will be as new men at $6 a day." In other words, Ford wages are to be cut, but the fiction that they are not will very probably be preserved. More ominous news from the Detroit sector is contained in the reports of rioting at the Ford plants. Three such riots, in which machinery was destroyed and open fighting followed, took place when the present lay-off began. This is the first time that the Ford workers have struck back at the management. It is a symptom whose significance cannot be overlooked, despite the fact that the daily papers saw fit to ignore the news.

AL CAPONE, on the eve of going to prison for violation of the federal income-tax and prohibition laws, has come out flatly against gang movies for the young. Clad in black-and-white silk pajamas, the former beer king delivered himself as follows:

> You know, these gang pictures—that's terrible kid stuff. Why, they ought to take all of them and throw them into the lake. They're doing nothing but harm to the younger element of this country. I don't blame the censors for trying to bar them. . . . These gang movies are making a lot of kids want to be tough boys, and they don't serve any useful purpose.

Before the exquisite irony of this we bow our heads without a word. Or almost without a word, venturing only to observe that the heart of the younger element of this country must be sore at such unkind words from one of its heroes. Nor are the movies alone dangerous. "I've been offered $2,000,000 to write a book, but I won't do it," Mr. Capone went on. "I've had lots of offers from moving-picture producers, but I feel about that as I do about books." Moreover, when he gets out of jail, Scarface Al promises he will say "goodby to the racket" for good. And he finishes up his role of Robin Hood, gentleman outlaw and protector of the young, by remarking:

> I've been made an issue, I guess, and I'm not complaining. But why don't they go after all these bankers who took the savings of thousands of poor people and lost them in bank failures? . . . Isn't it lots worse to take the last few dollars some small family has saved—perhaps to live on while the head of a family is out of a job—than to sell a little beer, a little alky?

How about it, boys and girls? Don't all speak at once, but isn't it?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE COLLEGES was not the title of the addresses Dr. Clarence C. Little delivered recently at Columbia University, but it might have been. Dr. Little, formerly president of the University of Michigan, finds that everything, beginning with the faculty, is wrong. Faculties are lazy, uninspired, interested in anything but teaching, and need a "cold shower" every five years to make them change some of their "academic clothes." Students are in the first place admitted to college without any effort being made to find out what sort of boys and girls they are, and they are permitted liberties, once they are enrolled, which defeat the purpose they come to college to fulfil. Alcohol, automobiles, and coeducation are the main evils; fraternities and almost professional athletics are only a little less dangerous. Dr. Little's ideal is evidently the time-honored one of the university group, both of faculty and students, assembled for the purpose of getting educated. He should have observed by now that American colleges are not wholly designed with this end in view. American colleges are training schools for American business. Students enter them to learn how to make a living in a hard-boiled, machine-made, twentieth-century civilization. For "education" in Dr. Little's sense they have small need and less desire. A monastic four years spent in seclusion with their books would not teach them to "make contacts," any more than it would to sell bonds or to write advertising copy. And sensibly enough, the vast majority of American college students get from college just what they find useful later on.

"A MAN HAS AS MUCH RIGHT to be a Communist as a Democrat, and a Communist ought to have as much freedom as a Democrat. I say, however mistaken in his views a Communist might be, he should have an equal right to persuade others as long as it is done peaceably." We wish that this sentence might be posted in large letters in the office of every mayor and police official in the United States. It is only the sound American doctrine; indeed, it is the age-old doctrine of human liberty which is thus restated, but is, alas, constantly being violated under the Stars and Stripes. These words come not from any "parlor pink" editor, or any dangerous radical. They come from a judge in New Jersey—Vice-Chancellor John O. Bigelow. Chancellor Bigelow is not one of those who believe that in times of unrest one should soft-pedal as to the right of free speech lest hot-heads make ill use of political unrest and economic suffering. The case that came before him was obviously a very clear one, yet there are judges in the country, we regret to say, who would have turned a deaf ear to the plea. Albert Hoffman, a Communist candidate for the New Jersey Assembly, appealed to the Chancellor for a writ of habeas corpus because he had been arrested merely because he had applied to the police of Jersey City for a permit to hold a street meeting. That sounds incredible, but it is true, the police of Jersey City having made a crime out of a legitimate request.

WILLIAM L. McLEAN, the publisher and owner of the Philadelphia *Bulletin,* whose death occurred on July 30, created one of the most successful dailies in the United States by wholly unspectacular methods. It cannot be said that the *Bulletin* is over-well informed, or over-intelligent, or able editorially. It is just the kind of paper to make a middle-class appeal—clean, dull, bourgeois, conventional—with the result that it has achieved no less than 558,000 readers. If it has no vigorous opinions, it is admirably independent politically both of the local Vare machine and of the Republican Party in the State, as it is of the department stores in spite of their heavy advertising. Like its late owner, it seeks to offend no one, and takes life as it is, gently without much concern. Yet it is a good and decent daily, exerting a tremendous influence, and it is popular, as was Mr. McLean himself wherever he went.

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Mr. Hoover, Call Congress!

THE President has at last moved in the direction of preparing for the grim and menacing winter which lies before us—only to the extent, however, of conferences with the head of the Red Cross and with the Secretary of Labor. It will surprise no one to learn that he is unyielding in his opposition to any federal aid to the unemployed, that he still firmly believes that unemployment relief "is essentially a local concern," and that "responsibility for its administration must rest with the affected communities." Why, then, does he concern himself at all with the matter? Merely because he believes that the federal government is "an effective coordinator of local effort"—we quote from reliable press dispatches. With Mr. Payne of the Red Cross —who refused to aid the destitute miners because their situation was not caused by any "act of God," but who is willing to work (though not to give money) for the general unemployed, apparently on the theory that a beneficent God ordained that our workless millions should go hungry and jobless—the President took up the question of "better coordination of all federal, State, and local unemployment agencies." With Secretary Doak he discussed not only this but the much-heralded reorganization of the federal employment service in the Department of Labor, which rebuilding we had thought finished long ago.

All of which is mere trifling with the gravest social issue the country has confronted in generations. It may be an engineer's way of preparing for a dire emergency; it strikes us as wholly beside the mark. It is admitted in Washington, by the spokesmen for Mr. Hoover, that while "there is nothing alarming about it, the unemployment situation will be very serious." The fact is that it would be extremely serious if there were to be no increase whatever, but there is every evidence that there is bound to be a great increase as companies which have held out so far find their reserves exhausted, their markets steadily decreasing. It is highly significant that Mr. Ford has shut down his great Detroit works for August and that only eleven of the thirty-six Ford assembly plants throughout the country will be in operation. In the face of what is plainly impending it is Mr. Hoover's paramount duty to call Congress in session in the early fall. The Congress still in considerable measure voices the opinions of the electorate. It was intended under our system that it should deal with the vital problems of our political and economic life. This is a first-degree emergency which confronts us; Congress should meet in September.

We are well aware that Mr. Hoover is opposed to calling Congress for the precise reason for which we think it should be summoned: he does not wish Congress to deal with the unemployment situation. He knows that when Congress meets, it will be hostile to his ideas; that it will be from the outset opposed to his halfway measures. He knows that when Congress assembles he will be called upon for a positive program all along the line. He has not met this test in the past—he will in all probability not meet it whether Congress meets in September or December. None the less, it is his patriotic duty to summon the national legislature, and the duty of statesmanship as well. If the new Congress does not come together until December it will find the winter, with all its hardships, upon us. It must then organize and reconstitute its committees. The House must choose a new Speaker; its almost equal division between the two parties will render this reorganization difficult indeed, so that 1932 will be upon us before the Congress functions.

We are well aware that Mr. Hoover proposes to do a good deal of work for relief—perhaps through a new organization—before Congress assembles. He doubtless counts on the deficit and the impending Presidential election to help him in his effort to prevent any "radical" legislation. We reply that the suffering today among farmers, miners, textile workers, and numerous other groups is so grave that it is idle to think that any amount of Presidential initiative and coordination or reorganization will supply the aid needed, and that he will himself face a dire punishment if that suffering continues. On leaving him Mr. Payne again declared that unemployment "is a local problem, pure and simple." But what, we ask, is starvation? Is that a municipal problem also? Who is helping the starving miners except inadequate volunteers? Who is going to look after the Middle Western farmers like those in Kansas who are facing absolute destitution? We deny that local aid will do it, and we demand that the national legislature meet at once and stay in session to deal with each emergency as it arises.

It is not necessary to be an alarmist in the matter. The signs of warning appear day by day, so that he who runs may read. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Rockefeller company, has cut its workers' pay from $6.25 to $5.25 a day, and so has every other company in the State of Colorado, save one. The progress of deflation of wages goes on apace. Secretary Lamont has had to admit the right of companies on the verge of disaster to cut wages, and that situation is not altered by the fact that the President immediately thereafter had the announcement made that the policy of the government in regard to wage cuts had not changed. Whole industries are becoming demoralized. For example, the Governor of Oklahoma has notified the President that if oil sells below a dollar a barrel he will shut down every well in the State (except "stripper wells"), and declares that "if necessary we will use the military to enforce the order." Not sufficient attention has been given to the report of the Lumber Survey Committee, which presents the blackest possible picture of the lumber industry, and calls for immediate restriction of production—a step already taken by leading mills at the risk of prosecution. The condition of the entire oil industry needs no further comment. The railroad situation is not improving; the officials of the Delaware and Hudson, the Southern Railway, and other large companies have either voluntarily cut their salaries or had them cut. For the President in the face of all of this to limit to himself the power to guide the destinies of the country for four months more appears indefensible. More than that, as the recent outburst of Senator McKellar has shown, every day that he delays ratification of his European debt moratorium increases the danger of serious opposition to that admirable measure of world sanitation.

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Murder in New York

THE latest gang row which resulted in the death of a five-year-old boy and the serious injury to four other children ranging in age from three to fourteen years may at last arouse the people of New York City to a serious consideration of the conditions under which they live. Even gangsters, it is reported, frown on the murder of little children, and the police, while almost willing to admit their helplessness in the situation, nevertheless advance the opinion that the shooting was done by amateurs unused to gangsterism or to the deft employment of firearms. So far no one has been held for the shooting; various persons have been questioned, all of whom present air-tight alibis. The neighboring Sicilians on West 107th Street, where the children were shot, are heavily schooled in a tradition of silence after trouble. They see nothing, they hear nothing, they suspect nothing. Or at least they will not impart their suspicions to the authorities, for the very good reason that death, in their experience, so often awaits the "squealer." Mayor Walker at first treated the matter with his usual frivolity. Questions put to him by the New York *World Telegram* were evidently designed "to embarrass me," but "the only thing embarrassing me is the heat." And when urged again to comment on the matter he said: "I naturally feel as everyone else does about it and I feel that Commissioner Mulrooney will handle the investigation satisfactorily."

The vulgar callousness of these remarks may be passed over, but with respect to Commissioner Mulrooney's ability to handle the situation, a glance at the New York *Times* "Index" for the month of June passed makes illuminating reading. Running one's eye down the column of Murders —New York City, one reads at random the following items: Brivanzano, F., slain, June 29; J. J. Cerbara [slain], man held, June 28; De Rosa, L., victim of gang feud, June 4; Jacaparo, J., called beer-racket victim, slain, June 9; Rosenberg, A., slain, believed to be another victim of liquor-traffic feud, June 17; Sattler, C., gangster, slain, I. Gold, passerby, injured, June 23; Soricelli, J., slain, refuses to name assailants, June 22; Zaccarelli, J., slain, I. Morzia dies of wounds, June 30; Atarati, G., slain, four others injured, June 1. In other words in one month in New York City fifteen men were killed or injured by bullet wounds in the course of gangster fights, in almost every case at the hands of "unknown assailants." This is not, be it remembered, the complete list of homicides in the city during June, 1931; it excludes all but those most clearly the work of gangsters warring on gangsters. Under these conditions it was inevitable that sooner or later innocent persons should suffer, and in a crowded street in one of the poorer sections of the city on a hot summer night one need hardly be surprised that the victims were children.

Commissioner Mulrooney makes one excellent suggestion in respect to the affair. "This ought to wake people up," he said, "and teach them that there must be more adequate laws governing the sale of pistols, shotguns, and rifles. . . . As long as weapons that are outlawed in one State can be readily got in another, there will be happenings of this sort." It is true, of course, that the easy purchase of firearms results in gang fights that end in murder. But before effective federal supervision of the sale of deadly weapons can be brought about, what shall be the function of the New York police? Are they, as they seem to be, quite helpless to prevent almost daily murder in the city? Is there no possible control of racketeering and gangsterdom in New York? Must the city face the fact that its police department is powerless to insure the safety of its citizens while every sort of racket flourishes? If this is so, then New York might save a large amount of the taxpayers' money every year by abolishing its police force, and giving itself over frankly to the tender mercies of the gangs.

The shooting of these five Italian children is a challenge to the city administration. It is not comforting in such an emergency to have a mayor who divides his comments between wisecracks about the heat, meaningless confidence in the Police Commissioner, and orders to "shoot to kill" anybody suspected by the police of being a criminal with a gun. There is a fairly general impression, among the people of New York, that the police know pretty well all the rackets that are going on and a number of the persons who are engaged in them, but that for some reason they are powerless to interfere. It is Commissioner Mulrooney's duty to dispel such a notion in one of two ways: either by promptly bringing the perpetrators of the latest outrage to justice, or by confessing his helplessness and giving up his job. Across the river in Jersey City he has an example of a local administration that keeps gangs down—or out. Although within a stone's throw of New York, Jersey City is practically free from gangsterism; murders are at a minimum, night clubs abolished. New Yorkers may well ask why this is so, and may ask meanwhile what is to be done to make their city safe to live in.

Rising Bank Failures

IN the six months ended June 30 of this year 684 banks, with total deposits of $455,000,000, closed their doors. With the exception only of the last six months of 1930, when the total was brought up by the failure of the Bank of United States in December and the appalling number of suspensions all over the country in November as well as in that month, the figures for the first half of the present year are the largest for any half-year period on record. That a period of world-wide depression should precipitate a large number of bank failures may seem to many merely inevitable. But Great Britain, which has been passing through a period of post-war depression far more severe than our own, has been virtually free of bank failures. The disease from which our own banking system suffers, moreover, while it is more severe in bad times than in good, has already shown itself to be a chronic one—one that was making progress, indeed, even in the peak years of Republican prosperity. It is worth while setting down the record for the last decade, as shown in the official figures of the Comptroller of the Currency:

Calendar Year	Number of Banks Suspended	Deposits of Banks Suspended
1921	501	$196,000,000
1922	354	111,000,000
1923	648	189,000,000
1924	776	213,000,000

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1925	612	173,000,000
1926	956	272,000,000
1927	662	194,000,000
1928	491	139,000,000
1929	642	235,000,000
1930	1,345	865,000,000

It is clear from this that there was a rather steady increase in bank failures even before the depression year of 1930, and that this increase occurred while prices of securities were being carried up to more and more extravagant levels. The bank failures of the last twelve months, therefore, can only in part be attributed to the present depression, and even these could in the main have been avoided if reasonably sound banking practices had been followed.

Our banking failures have often been attributed to our system of thousands of independent units. There are still nearly 24,000 separate banks in the United States—though through suspensions and mergers the number has been reduced by more than 5,000 in the last half-dozen years. As compared with this, Great Britain has about half a dozen great banks with thousands of branches. That many of our banking failures may be attributed to the small size of individual banks, there can be little doubt. The fortunes of these banks are tied very closely to the fortunes of local industries and local crops; such banks necessarily find it difficult to diversify their loans, to spread their risks, and to keep themselves liquid; and their overhead expenses are often excessive. It seems probable that there would be a real increase in stability in many sections if branch banking were more freely permitted for both State and federal banks. It is anomalous that widespread branches are permitted in virtually every other major industry or business in the United States but banking, where the confidence that large resources inspire seems peculiarly necessary. Under our dual system of State and federal banks, it seems advisable that no federal bank be allowed to expand beyond the lines of any one State, and certainly State and federal banks should be placed on an equality in this respect. Such an arrangement would provide most of the States with better banking service at the same time that it would prevent the great New York and Chicago institutions from securing any dangerous domination.

But that branch banking, though it should prove a stabilizing factor, is in itself no guaranty of banking safety has been amply illustrated by the failure of the Bank of United States and similar institutions with many branches within large cities. What is imperatively needed is a radical simplification and rationalization of our jumbled State and federal banking laws, and a concentration of supervisory responsibility. Even this will not provide more than a partial remedy unless our bankers learn to become less recklessly optimistic at the peak of business cycles, more skeptical regarding the permanence of "new eras." While there were 358 failures in the twelve months ended June 30, 1921, for example, there were only 49 in the preceding twelve months, and those 49 failures represented a larger number than in any of the preceding four years. It is clear, then, that the wave of bank failures which began in 1921 was in large part the result of mortgages placed on inflated land values, which in turn reflected a mistaken capitalization of war-time crop values. No State or federal supervision, however honest or efficient, can completely offset unsound banking judgment of that type.

"Shoot the Works" Together

HEYWOOD BROUN, to his capacities of newspaperman, crusader, politician, preacher, man-about-town, and generous friend to all the world, has added that of play producer. He also, one hears, calls himself an actor, but of that perhaps the less said the better. But he is indubitably a producer; nightly on Broadway his show is witness to it. Audiences, hard-boiled, typical, midsummer Broadway audiences, are paying good American money for admission. Young ladies in Mr. Broun's show dance like any other chorus girls; young gentlemen sing, delicately tap-dance up and down ladders, disappear under beds, and profess undying love for some of the young ladies. A regular Broadway show—but with a difference!

The difference is apparent on the stage and in the wings. There are acts in Mr. Broun's play that would appear on no amateur stage in the country, be it ever so "ham." There are other acts breath-taking in their skill, and one double-jointed young man who is probably not human at all, but an automaton jerked by invisible strings from above. His name does not appear on the program, which is characteristic of Mr. Broun's show. There are jokes which have not been told for years and then only in Pullman smokers. There is an easy, comfortable air of informality, made more so by the sight of Mr. Broun himself, dressed in his old blue suit, wandering on and off stage, a little helpless, a little apologetic, but smiling his own endearing smile. This is what the audience sees. Behind the scenes other strange things are happening. For this really is a cooperative show. They really do divide up the profits, and there really have been profits to divide. At the end of the first week the young ladies of the chorus got forty dollars apiece and sent a testimonial to Mr. Broun, declaring that never, never in any show had they been treated in such a gentlemanly manner. The principals, some of whom, it is said, would have sniffed at two or three times their salary in Mr. Broun's show, are taking one hundred dollars a week without complaint. One suspects that more than one act has been put on gratis. And the final curtain, which benighted producers of other musical shows spend thousands of dollars on, costs Mr. Broun just twelve dollars; it is not clear, at that, just what he spent the money for.

First-night critics were a little hard on "Shoot the Works." They were united in declaring politely that Mr. Broun's show was a worthy cause, but more than one of them sounded as if he agreed with Mr. Rathbun of the *Sun*, who advised his readers to support the cause by buying tickets—and giving them away. The fact is that Mr. Broun's show has a quality all its own. It is compounded of some talent, of a large amount of good temper and satisfaction, of not a little simple gratitude, and of Mr. Broun. This is not, one hastens to say again, because of his acting ability. If he has any, he has taken pains to conceal it, out of sympathy for certain of his colleagues. It is because, as many persons have heard Mr. Broun declare, he really believes in the brotherhood of man. Even in a Broadway show this belief has a curious relevance and power.

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France Against the World

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHAT is the actual situation of the world today? Europe is on the verge of financial collapse because Germany hangs in the balance. To save the Reich, Mr. Hoover proposed and carried through the moratorium of one year, the best psychological effects of which were spoiled by a two weeks' delay due to French haggling over the proposal. Germany was further aided by the announcement, after the seven-power conference, that certain short-term credits would be frozen, but every effort to get the American banks together to advance a credit of $500,000,000 failed—beyond question because of French opposition. Meanwhile, though there is conflicting evidence of what took place when the heads of the French Government met Chancellor Brüning and Foreign Minister Curtius in Paris, the fact remains that the French, who were in the best position to help Germany, have not done so. The rumors still persist, despite denials in the name of Premier Laval, that the French are refusing to aid unless Germany makes political concessions which will violate its independence and will cause the fall of any German Ministry which agrees to them. The next few weeks will tell whether the Germans can save themselves, or whether it will be a question of further help in order to save Europe and the capitalist system, and to prevent an unparalleled disaster in the United States.

Meanwhile, it is obvious to every man of affairs, wherever he may be, that the Young Plan is dead and can never be revived; that if Mr. Hoover made any mistake in connection with his moratorium proposal it was in not asking for a two-year debt vacation instead of one, since in less than a year from now the whole question of reparations and debts will come up again at the worst possible time—in the middle of an American Presidential campaign. More than that, the Versailles treaty is equally finished; it is so dead that it cries to high heaven for decent interment with the customary rites. But the French will agree to neither one of these accomplished facts. They refuse to admit that anything has happened to the Young Plan beyond a temporary postponement. If, as Briand has *twice* said, they consider the Austro-German customs union a cause for war, what will his Government not say to the man who declares the Versailles treaty is on the scrap heap? The whole hegemony of France hinges on that treaty; its whole system of satellite nations, so elaborately built up by force and subvention, by skilful playing of the financial cards among people in distress and in need, will collapse. The present vicious arrangement of Europe with which France is entirely content (save that its militarists still desire the left bank of the Rhine) will come in for a new deal—the Polish Corridor, Upper Silesia, and all the rest. Not Alsace-Lorraine, of course. There Germany is on record as having formally and permanently abandoned all claims—in my recent stay of six months in Germany I never heard from any source the suggestion that Alsace-Lorraine might be, or ought to be, recovered.

France will stand against any further help for Germany —unless paid the price of political subservience. Against any reconsideration of the Young Plan—unless it is given a price—France will set itself with all its strength. Against any revision of the Versailles treaty France will throw all its power. More than that, France stands out today in all the world as the one country which opposes thoroughgoing disarmament—except on *its* terms. It wants every step taken to be from the point of view of what it thinks it needs and what it fears. No, not what *it* fears. I do not believe that of the French people. I should have said "what the politicians now holding office fear, or pretend to fear." I notice that every time Briand makes an intensely pacifist speech his hearers wildly applaud him. I notice that the press associations all report that the reception of the Germans by the crowds in Paris was remarkably friendly and generous despite some cat-calls. I notice that there is no real public opinion in France; that the masses have no way of making themselves heard. The provincial press is negligible. The Parisian press is about the worst in the world. Where it is not deliberately corrupt, it is under the influence of the financiers, or is entirely controlled by the Government. The American newspapers, which solemnly reprint the views of the French editors whenever any important thing happens, do a great injustice in not telling the American public that most of these journals represent crooked financiers, or crooked politicians, or crooked editors, or editors who take their orders—if not their pay—from the Government. Let nobody think that such as these represent the mass of the thrifty, home-loving, law-abiding, peace-desiring people of France. Nothing of the kind. It is no more possible to deduce from a *Temps* or a *Matin* article what Bretagne thinks of a world proposal than it is possible to gauge the feeling of the people of Kansas and Oregon by the editorial solemnities of the New York *Times* or *Herald Tribune.*

But there the situation is. *Every move now being made to rescue Europe encounters French opposition. Every hope of a favorable outcome of the disarmament conference,* which is to set the world free from the slavery of armaments that hideously waste national resources and spell *war* not peace, *is menaced today by the French.* There is the plain truth. We had a Tammany boss in New York once who, when the facts were revealed as to the rottenness and corruption in Manhattan, sat back defiantly, his black cigar in his mouth, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and asked the citizenry: "What are you going to do about it?" Today, that is the question France is posing to the rest of the world. In the words of the jingo rhyme they say: "We have the ships, we have the men, we have the money, too." They have the largest fleet of fighting airplanes in the world. They have enough formidable submarines to keep England on the anxious seat. They have the largest and most effective army. They have huge gold reserves—so great that, like our own, they menace the stability of world finance. They owe no money to England, but England owes money to them. Their country is restored. Despite huge armament expendi-

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tures their annual deficits are not alarming. They claim officially that they have only 35,000 unemployed when Germany has over 4,000,000, and we at least 6,000,000, and England 2,000,000. The effects of the world crisis are only felt in France here and there—in the bankruptcy of their leading steamship lines, in the severe falling off in the number of tourists, especially American, in incidental strikes and distress in certain trades like the woolen industry. Superficially they are "sitting pretty." The economic tornado has not hit them full force.

They are "sitting pretty." What are *you,* and we, going to do about it? The consensus of public opinion about France's dog-in-the-manger policy and its danger to the whole world was never more united—it is as united as public opinion in 1914 was everywhere in regard to the German violation of Belgian neutrality. Today public opinion outside of France is so wholly opposed to the French that it would be a shock to the good people of that republic if they realized it. Everywhere the belief is that France blocks the road to a genuine peace in Europe.

What are you going to do about it? When there was all that hullabaloo about the "Beast of Berlin," when our leading clergy and moralists were raving that Germany was the mad dog of Europe, the remedy suggested was to get America to apply, in Woodrow Wilson's words, "force—force without stint" and to complete the circle imprisoning the mad dog. That application of force was a miserable fizzle. It won no victory, it achieved no peace. It left us the horrible legacies of Versailles; it left us the conditions which have led to the present economic catastrophe of the world. It left us this very problem of France, for it transferred the seat of military power in Europe from Berlin to Paris without in the least changing its character, and once more we are faced with the problem of what to do with a country which is today outraging and defying the public opinion of the rest of the world.

What can we do? First, we can organize public opinion behind the governments which, like those of the United States and Great Britain, are determined that Europe shall not collapse and that the disarmament conference shall succeed. Mr. Hoover, Ramsay MacDonald, and Arthur Henderson have done splendidly in calling for disarmament. In both countries public opinion is rapidly being mobilized in their support. Wherever our public is approached, whether by individual speakers or peace caravans or in any other way, the public response is complete. Every one of our innumerable societies dealing with peace and international affairs is working as never before. So in England. Petitions in their most conservative universities have produced a unanimity of support for a cut of 25 per cent in armaments never before seen, never before possible. The press and public, and especially the women, are determined that the biased naval experts and the admirals shall not spoil this conference.

Second, there must be increasing outside public pressure brought to bear upon France—despite the difficulty of getting news through to the French people. Here the international bankers could help a lot—if they would dare to stand up against the Bank of France. They may yet be compelled to do what they now think impossible if Germany collapses financially and economically. Third, there should be pursued by the other governments a steady policy leading to the isolation of France, especially with regard to the disarmament conference. *The Nation* has already made the constructive suggestion that Great Britain and the United States should agree in advance upon a radical program such as the abolition of all poison gas, submarines, aircraft, and battleships, the limitation of all remaining ships (cruisers and the rest) to 10,000 tons, and of all guns to light field-artillery size, and a cut of at least 50 per cent in expenditures, this program to be urged and advocated at the very outset of the conference by at least a dozen Powers under Anglo-Saxon lead, exactly as Charles E. Hughes electrified the Washington arms conference in 1922 by offering a specific program the minute it met. This program, whenever decided upon, should be communicated *at once* to the French with all possible courtesy and good-will, with all possible urging that France, too, adopt it before the conference meets.

It is impossible to believe that such a move would not call forth the enthusiastic adherence of the vast bulk of the conference—it includes all the nations, even Russia—and it is also impossible to believe that if such a program were accepted by all save France and its satellites, France could hold out and definitely set its face against world opinion. Proof of that is to be found in its final acceptance of the Hoover moratorium. It will in any event haggle, bargain, growl, delay, and talk about its special dangers and problems. But it cannot wholly defy Europe, America, and Asia without facing world-wide excoriation and isolation. Like every other country it needs good-will; it must have it to progress financially and economically. More than that, if the rest of the world is ready to disarm radically, could any French Government defend itself to its own parsimonious citizens if it refused them a glorious opportunity to lift some of the tax burdens from their backs?

If France should then still refuse to disarm? Then (fourthly) let the other nations go on with their outlawing of battleship, submarine, and airplane. The generals and admirals will rave at such a suggestion and declare that it would make every other nation vassal to France. Nothing of the kind. No country would be allowed by its own citizens to use outlawed weapons upon peoples who would refuse to fight back in kind.

But, fifth, if the latter proposal sounds too idealistic, there are ways of organizing against France, and to these it may be necessary to turn. There is the League of Nations, for one thing. It is impossible to believe that it would rest supine under such circumstances, for, if it did so, it would admit the correctness of the frequent charge made against it that it is under the control, or controlling influence, of the French. The vital stake the League has in the disarmament conference may be realized if one remembers that upon its success probably depends the question whether Germany and the other disarmed countries will or will not remain in the League. As for the other signatories to the Treaty of Versailles, their honor and their words are in the balance. They pledged disarmament in that treaty. France may wish to have it known that her signature at Versailles has no greater value than a dicer's oath; the others do not and will not. The same is true of the signatories to the Kellogg Pact. Did they mean what they said when they signed that document, or did they not? If France insists on maintaining armaments which overawe the rest of Europe, the other great Powers have still another reason for making it clear

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to France that they can no longer stand for any such policy, especially as it is, economically speaking, a rule or ruin policy. The world has a right to demand of France that it shall keep its word and conduct its relationships with other peoples upon the principle that it has forsworn war forever; not that, having taken a solemn oath to abstain from war, it shall go on conducting its international affairs as if it had never heard of the Kellogg Pact. Certainly it would not do a whit differently, if it had never signed the pact, than it is doing now. Why did the French sign the pact and praise it to the skies if it meant nothing to them and only encouraged them to continue to take counsel of their fears, to continue to arm and to hold a pistol at the heads of all the Powers in demanding the special terms and concessions which are deemed necessary for French safety—as if no agreement to abolish war existed?

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia has just urged that Congress pass at once the Capper resolution introduced two years ago, making it possible for the President to use non-forcible sanctions or disciplinary measures against any adhering nation which violates the Kellogg Pact. This resolution would permit both an economic boycott and the placing of an embargo upon shipments to any violator who goes to war. All of this has to do with the future. One cannot, however, but feel that something like a moral embargo must ere long come to pass if France should menace the whole future of the world and deliberately block the way to that disarmament which is one of the most vital steps toward recovery. Certainly something like this must have been in the mind of Noel Baker, parliamentary secretary to Foreign Secretary Henderson, when he told the Socialist Workmen's International at Vienna on July 28: "We shall proclaim every government which opposes disarmament a deadly enemy of mankind"—a remarkable statement from so responsible an official. As already quoted in *The Nation*, J. L. Garvin, the veteran editor of the *Sunday Observer*, declares that America and England will have to take separate action against French policy within three months. It is impossible to believe that in this most dire crisis in the world's history one nation will be permitted, through the incredible obstinacy, shortsightedness, and self-will of politicians temporarily in power, to block the rehabilitation of the world.

President Hoover's Record

VIII. Hoover and Power*

By AMOS PINCHOT

II

TO understand the power situation, one should hold in mind that the power-and-light industry—and here it closely resembles the bootlegging industry—is essentially a racket whose immense profits depend on the power people's ability to block the enforcement of law. It is for this reason that the power interests have intrenched themselves in both State and national politics, and especially in the federal administration at Washington.

When Mr. Hoover became President, the three most important members of the Cabinet, from the point of view of the water-power companies, were the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State, and the Attorney General. At that time the Secretary of War had a peculiar importance since he also was ex officio chairman of the Federal Power Commission. In power strategy the Secretary of State is rated as a trump card. He is supposed to be thoroughly posted on water-power questions and to advise the President thereon. He negotiates our treaties with adjoining nations for the allocation of water in streams that cross our international boundary lines. He will negotiate the pending treaties with Canada for division of water in the St. Lawrence, Niagara, and St. Mary's rivers, and with Mexico for the Colorado and Rio Grande. As for the Attorney General, his influence in the power situation is especially vital. It is his duty to prosecute violators of the Federal Power Act and to move in the district courts for the forfeiture of licenses and the sale of the property of power companies that infringe the law.

True to his preelection record, Mr. Hoover intrusted the portfolio of war, which carried with it the chairmanship of the Federal Power Commission, to the late James W. Good, who was counsel for the Alabama Power Company, a subsidiary of the Southeastern Power Company, one of the strongest, most grasping, and politically most aggressive of the great utility combinations.

Last year, after the Federal Power Commission was reorganized and enlarged to five members by the Couzens bill, Mr. Hoover chose as its new chairman George Otis Smith who, as director of the Geological Survey, supported Secretary of the Interior Ballinger during the Taft Administration when he canceled the power-site withdrawals made by his predecessor, Secretary Garfield, and turned the immense power resources of the federal domain over to private exploitation. The day after Mr. Smith took office he dismissed from the staff of the Federal Power Commission Charles A. Russell, its solicitor, and William B. King, its chief accountant, who had offended the power companies by showing up their padded investment accounts, as well as by interfering with their attempt to destroy the Federal Power Act, in which, as we shall see, they were later aided by Mr. Hoover himself. The fact that these dismissals took place within twenty-four hours after Mr. Smith became chairman is generally accepted as proof that he was acting under instructions from the President.

In the appointment of the remaining members of the new commission, Mr. Hoover followed the same line by choosing negative men either with a laissez faire attitude or with a pro-utility bias, as in the case of Colonel Marcel Garsaud, a Louisiana Democrat, locally identified with the Public Service Corporation of New Orleans, a subsidiary

* Part I of Mr. Pinchot's article appeared in last week's issue. The ninth article in our series of ten on President Hoover's record will be Hoover as Politician, by Paul Y. Anderson, and will appear next week.—Editor The Nation.

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of the Electric Bond and Share Company. It is true that the Senate confirmed these appointments. Upon further inquiry, however, into the records of the new commissioners, it uncovered facts which resulted in a resolution requesting the President to withdraw their names, which Mr. Hoover has, so far, refused to do.

As Secretary of State Mr. Hoover appointed Henry L. Stimson of Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam, and Roberts, one of the large utility law firms of New York. Mr. Winthrop was a signer of the brief presented to Congress in an effort to block Senator Walsh's proposed investigation of the power companies. Mr. Roberts has been a director of the Niagara-Hudson Power Company, the Pennsylvania-Ohio Edison Company, the American and Foreign Power Corporation, and the American Superpower Company, and vice-president and director of Bonbright and Company. Incidentally, Mr. Stimson's firm is counsel for the Georgia Power Company, which is controlled by the Southeastern Power Company. Moreover, the Federal Trade Commission developed the fact that Josiah T. Newcomb, head of the utility lobby, employed the Stimson firm to come to Washington and remonstrate with an important Western Senator who was attacking the power companies. Mr. Stimson, like Mr. Hoover, has endeared himself to the power interests by minimizing the importance of water power as a national industrial factor, thus discounting the need of federal regulation, and also by denouncing the Ontario publicly owned hydro-electric system. The National Electric Light Association has reprinted his speeches as part of their propaganda.

As Attorney General Mr. Hoover chose William D. Mitchell, a Minnesota lawyer, formerly of Butler and Mitchell, one of the most prominent utility law firms of the Northwest. Mr. Mitchell's former partner is now Justice Pierce Butler, who divides with Justice Van Devanter the reputation of being the most reactionary member of the Supreme Court. As Solicitor General of the Department of Justice, next in command to Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Hoover appointed Thomas D. Thacher, formerly of the firm of Simpson, Thacher, and Bartlett, counsel for the Electric Bond and Share Company and probably for more power companies than any other law firm in New York.

Another appointment of considerable value to the power people is the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. As titular leader of the party and spokesman of the President, the national chairman is said to be influential in shaping the policies of the organization. This post Mr. Hoover gave to Claudius H. Huston, head of the Tennessee River Improvement Association, a lobbying agency mainly devoted to fighting the Norris Muscle Shoals bill.

In the record of Mr. Hoover's connection with the power companies, his interposition in 1930 in favor of the Electric Bond and Share Company and the great power and financial interests behind it, in the so-called New River test case, is by all odds the most interesting chapter. Strangely enough, it is a chapter which is comparatively unknown to the public. The salient facts in this remarkable episode are briefly as follows:

For some years the New River Development Company and its successor, the Appalachian Electric Power Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company, have been trying to obtain from the Federal Power Commission two rulings which, though seemingly harmless, would nevertheless smash the Federal Power Act, cripple federal regulation, and ultimately place the power companies exclusively within State regulation, which, as shown in my former article, is in effect no regulation at all, since the State commissions are controlled in almost every part of the country by the utility interests. In a recent article Professor William Mosher, director of the School of Public Affairs of the University of Syracuse, describes the almost complete failure of State regulation from the public's point of view, and concludes: "It can hardly be said that regulation has been tried and found wanting. It may rather be said that it has not yet been tried."

To be mildly technical at this point, let me say that the Federal Power Act provides that every water-power development on streams controlled by the federal government must be made under license from the Federal Power Commission, which is authorized by the act to issue just two kinds of licenses. One is the ordinary, or "standard," license, under which the development is subject to all the regulatory provisions of the act. The other is the so-called "minor part" license, which exempts the company from federal regulation and leaves it in the hands of the State commissions. As shown by the bills introduced as well as by debates and correspondence prior to the passage of the act, and also by the terms of the act itself, the intention of Section 10, which deals with minor-part licenses, is perfectly clear. It is to exempt small plants of a few hundred horsepower, and additions, such as transmission lines, water conduits, etc., from the somewhat technical and complicated provisions of the Power Act. The minor-part-license clause was included both as a convenience to the power companies and to save the government from having to step in and regulate inconsequential projects and improvements.

When the Appalachian Electric Power Company applied for a minor-part license for its proposed development on the New River near Radford, Virginia, it was not primarily interested in the New River plant. Its real object was to establish a precedent which would eventually exempt all important developments from federal regulation. The New River project had not the slightest resemblance to the sort of thing contemplated in Section 10 of the Power Act. It called for the construction of an 80,000-horse-power plant, a dam 115 feet high, and a 20-mile reservoir that would flood about 4,000 acres. However, if enough pressure could be brought to bear on the Federal Power Commission to make it rule that this New River plant could operate under a minor-part license, and thus escape federal regulation, there was no reason why all plants on all streams at present under control of the federal government should not receive a similar license and enjoy a similar exemption. And in such event the power people would find themselves solely under State control, where they would be as happy as Brer Rabbit in his traditional briar patch.

Considering the nature of the proposed New River plant, the Federal Power Commission had no choice but to turn down the application for a minor-part license and offer the usual standard license. This the Appalachian Electric Power Company promptly rejected, and as its next move requested the commission to refer the matter to the Attorney General for an opinion. However, the commission once more stood by its guns, replying that a "reference of such questions to the Attorney General would not be appropri-

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ate," since the commission was in the habit of deciding them itself, on consultation with its own counsel, and for the further reason that the question was one of fact as well as law, and the precedents of the Department of Justice permit the Attorney General to pass in such cases only on questions of law.

As a second string to its bow, the Appalachian Electric Power Company had also applied for a change in the classification of the New River from *navigable* to *non-navigable*. As outside the federal domain the commission has jurisdiction only over power sites on navigable streams, such a reclassification would put the New River development beyond the reach of federal regulation. Thus, by raising the question of navigability, the power people were seeking a new interpretation of the Federal Power Act by which, with the help of a friendly Republican Administration, they could drive through a general reclassification of streams which would, in effect, repeal the Federal Power Act and hamstring the commission.

Now, since the Federal Power Act's definition of navigable waters—that is to say, of waters or streams where power developments must be made under federal license—is the foundation of federal regulation, let us see what Section 3 has to say on the subject:

> "Navigable waters" means those parts of streams or other bodies of water over which Congress has jurisdiction under its authority to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States, and which *either in their natural or improved condition,* notwithstanding interruptions between the navigable parts of such streams or waters by falls, shallows, or rapids compelling land carriage, are used or *suitable* for use for the transportation of persons or property in interstate or foreign commerce.

The New River, as it happens, is "navigable waters" by both of these tests. It is not only "suitable for navigation," but has actually been used for this purpose. The State of Virginia has appropriated money for improving its channel. Steamboats have been operated on it. It has been classified as "navigable waters" for over a hundred years, declared so by Congress, the Supreme Court of the United States and the Virginia legislature. Consequently, the commission found it impossible to grant the company's request for reclassification, though its acting chairman dissented. And here, in the natural course of events, the matter should have ended.

To anyone familiar with the strange things that go on beneath the surface of high officialdom in Washington it would seem incredible that the power people could have seriously hoped to put through their scheme for the destruction of federal regulation, resting as it did on their applications for a minor-part license and a reclassification of the New River. The power people, however, knew just what they were doing and were by no means reckoning without their host. For at the precise moment when it seemed inevitable that the commission would wind the matter up by finally turning down both applications, a new factor was injected into the situation. This factor was the President of the United States, who, taking one of the most extraordinary steps in the history of Presidential administration, himself wrote to Attorney General Mitchell requesting an opinion both as to the propriety of granting a minor-part license and as to the navigability of the New River.

Mr. Hoover's letter bears the date of July 31, 1930. On September 22, 1930, Mr. Mitchell replied, transmitting an opinion holding (a) that the New River is not a navigable stream under the terms of the Federal Power Act; and (b) that the Federal Power Commission "may, in its discretion, issue a minor-part license under paragraph 1 of Section 10." Incidentally, on the last page of this opinion Mr. Mitchell questions the constitutionality of the Federal Power Act.

Unluckily for the power interests as well as for Mr. Hoover, the publication of this opinion resulted in the submission to the Power Commission of two briefs in opposition to Mr. Mitchell's conclusions, one from ex-Federal Judge George W. Woodruff, representing the Governor of Pennsylvania, and another from Mr. Judson King, director of the National Popular Government League, signed by a number of disinterested attorneys, including Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard, Francis J. Heney of California, Herbert S. Ward, Henry T. Hunt, and others.

The Mitchell-Hoover opinion had put the Federal Power Commission under heavy pressure from both the White House and the Attorney General's office. On the other hand, the opposing briefs, the standing of the persons signing and submitting them, and the consequent publicity soon created a situation where it was clear that the commission could not yield to Mr. Hoover's dictation except at the cost of a major political scandal, especially as the briefs showed that the removal of federal regulation from the proposed New River plant would logically mean a similar removal from other developments now under control of the federal government, as well as the blocking of regulation on about eleven million horse-power yet to be developed. In fact, it would open the way to a raid on the public domain in comparison to which the frustrated oil grabs of Doheny and Sinclair were insignificant in point of money values involved.

From the embarrassing position into which Mr. Hoover's ill-fated move had thrown it, the Federal Power Commission made a none too graceful exit by once more refusing a minor-part license to the Appalachian Electric Power Company, which was acting not only for the Electric Bond and Share Company, but for the power interests in general. But at the same time it partly saved the face of the President, Attorney General Mitchell, and Solicitor General Thacher, who helped Mr. Mitchell draft the opinion, by refusing to pass on the navigability of the river and stating that this question should be referred to the courts. So that the end of the New River case is not yet.

On the whole, from Mr. Hoover's record as Secretary of Commerce and later as President, it may be gathered that he and the utility and power people, who are today the backbone of America's plutocracy, have been playing a game of mutual advantage for exceedingly high stakes. So far our great engineer has been the chief winner. He has received the Presidency, while through no fault of his, but thanks to the opposition of a few staunch men, the Federal Power Act has not yet been destroyed. However, that the power interests will ultimately succeed in breaking down the Power Act, and with it federal regulation, seems fairly certain. They are too rich and too well intrenched at Washington to be permanently checked. In the end federal regulation will go the way of State regulation. It will become the instrument of the power companies.

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Feudalism in West Virginia

By HELEN G. NORTON

Charleston, West Virginia, July 31

E. H. GUNNOE of Prenter took his young wife to the Mountain State Hospital at Charleston on July 1, five days before the strike of the West Virginia Mine Workers' Union began. On Sunday a daughter was born to them and died a little while later. When Gunnoe was informed of this he asked that the Prenter camp ambulance be sent to Charleston to bring the corpse back. The mine superintendent refused to let it go, saying that the ambulance now belonged to "future employees" of the company. Gunnoe had worked only one day the week before on account of his wife's illness and had not even indicated that he was on strike. The ambulance had been bought last November by the miners themselves out of their burial fund for $1,640, because many accidents occur in the mine and there is no ambulance nearer than Charleston, twenty-two miles away.

On Tuesday Gunnoe got a man to go in his car to get the baby's body from the undertaker. When it came, his two boys, seven and nine years old, wanted to see their little sister. He opened the casket and found that the baby had not been prepared for burial—had not even been washed. Presumably the arrangement with the hospital and the undertaker also applied only to "future" employees.

A man from Cedar Grove tells about an eighteen-year-old boy who had quarreled with his family and gone over the mountain to get a job in the mine at Blakely. He didn't ask what pay he was to get. At the end of the week he had earned ninety cents and owed his landlady one dollar. He went out on the mountain the next day, the Fourth of July, and blew his brains out.

The scales of the Coalburg-Kanawha Mining Company at the Coalburg mine broke on April 14 and have not been repaired. The weighboss claims he can guess the weight of a 5,000-pound car of coal within 25 pounds. At Prenter, where the men gained the right to have a checkweighman as the result of a strike in April, the recorded weight per car (the basis on which the men who hand-load the coal are paid) has increased by 1,300 to 1,500 pounds. If a man loads fifty cars in two weeks, this means on the average 70,000 pounds which he had been cheated of previously—amounting, at 34 cents a ton, to $11.90 per pay slip. And $11.90 is not to be sneezed at when otherwise you make $34.60 for two weeks' work. At Tipple Number 5 of the Burnwell mines no scales are used at all, the State law to the contrary notwithstanding. Men are credited by guess for their work. Of another mine, one man said, "They shoot them cars acrost the scales so fast the balance never has a chanst to stop swingin'." A man was fired last year at the "Christian" Collieries Company for showing 1,923 record sheets when cars weighed 6,000 to 6,500 pounds with a union checkweighman to watch the scales. Now the same sized cars, heaped up, are credited to the men at 3,500 to 4,000 pounds. The State law providing for checkweighmen is a dead letter. Miners now have to load "bug dust" after the machine has cut the coal, bail out water, and clean up without pay. This may amount to as much as two hours in the day in some workings. They also complain that they are docked excessively for slate and dirt in their loads.

Lester Davidson, a Negro, secretary of the miners local at Mahan, tells his story:

"When the strike come a-Monday I'd been readin' the papers and knowed about it and I didn't go to work. Charlie Hariston, he rooms with me, he was the first to join and I was next. Lewis Williams signed up seventeen Monday night. We helt a meetin' and the boys elected Hariston president and me vice-president and Walter Fields, they made him secretary. We got our charter.

"While we was havin' our meetin' Thursday night the superintendent got the law and come down and arrested Hariston and put him in jail. He's still there."

"What was he arrested for?"

"Why, for attendin' the meetin'."

"Yes, I know, but what was the legal charge?"

"Oh! Trespassin'. You see, the comp'ny, hit owns all the land and I reckon the air too, so if hit don't like you, you is trespassin'.

"We got a check for $50 from the union for supplies for our hongry folks and brung them to my house. So then the superintendent got a warrant out for me for headquarterin' and trespassin'. So I gits out and comes down here to report to the union. They ain't no trains and nobody had a car so I lit out an' walked to Pratts—sixteen miles—an' caught the bus to Charleston. The boys all chipped in an' got enough money for the bus fare.

"What we needs at Mahon to bring the mens out is a march. As soon as the union comes up thar and marches, the men'll lay down their tools an' walk out. They're all afeared their families 'll starve, but I tells 'em we're a-starvin' anyhow.

"When we got that $50 for relief, we got sixty-seven on the union roll right away. And, lady, you should a seen what we bought for that $50 at the T. and T. store! We got a l-o-n-g slab of white bacon, we got lard, we got meal, we got potatoes for $1.20 a sack, we got flour for 69 cents a sack that cos' us $1.25 at the company store. That 'pluck-me' store the company runs shore do rob us miners.

"The union is our hope an' our salvation and I'll starve like any natch'al man before I'll go back to work."

A woman from Ward who has come in for clothing shows me her husband's pay slip for the two weeks ending June 30. He worked 102 hours at 37½ cents, earning $38.25. The company deducted $22 for supplies at the company store, $4 for rent, $2.15 for doctor, hospital, and burial funds, and $2.40 for gas. He already had an overdraft of $37.79 for weeks when his earnings did not equal his expenses, so he still owes the company $32.09. If he should die, this debt would be passed on to his son.

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Deviti, an Italian, has been very active in the union organization campaign begun a year ago in March—so active, in fact, that the superintendent of the Hugheston Gas Coal Company fired him and gave him five days to get out of his house. Deviti has two small children and is expecting another this month.

On July 8 Deviti went to Cabin Creek to attend the hearing of his eviction case. While he was gone, the case was heard before a justice of the peace at Handley, the decision given to the coal company, and Constable Ottie Davis with a company truck and two State troopers went immediately to take the furniture out of the house and dump it on the public road or the creek bottom, which are the usual repositories of evicted households.

When Mrs. Deviti protested, Constable Davis kicked her and threw her to the floor in the presence of her two children. Deviti came home to find his wife in convulsions. The constable had called the company doctor and retired to the serene atmosphere of the company store. The company doctor offered to give the woman a "pill" to ease her agony, but the Devitis, like all coal-camp families, are distrustful of company doctors. They called in another physician, Dr. James A. Hopkins of Cedar Grove, who later signed a statement that he found her "having convulsions and threatened with a miscarriage." She is still in a dangerous condition.

Life in West Virginia coal camps is unbelievably feudalistic. The company owns the land. Therefore union miners may not walk upon it, even when the boggy, snake-like road through it constitutes the only means of access to the "holler" beyond. Even the railroad right of way is plastered with "No Trespassing" signs. At United there is a chain across the road and men with guards to see that no suspects, not even insurance agents, get by. The union recently arranged to have a meeting on the only piece of private property within range of the Koppers mine, owned by the Mellon interests. When union officials went up to speak they found that in the intervening week this land had also been leased by the coal company. No meeting was held.

The company owns all the houses in the camp. Therefore a union miner may be thrown out of his leaky, ramshackle piano-box on five days' notice, and the courts have even maintained that the usual landlord-tenant relationship does not apply to company-owned houses. Long before the strike a man who joined the union on Sunday would be fired on Monday, given a house notice, have his water and gas turned off, and his wages attached to pay his bill at the company store.

The company owns the doctor, though he is paid by semi-monthly assessments from the men's wages. Therefore a striking miner may not have medical care for his wife in childbirth though he has paid into the fund for years.

The company owns the store. Therefore a discharged or striking miner may not buy sowbelly or beans for his family or gas for his antediluvian car. At Ward the mine closed down several days in April, and the company store was closed too, to all miners who did not have credit. This left many of the people without food, and it was not until the following Sunday (Easter), when all the Ward miners marched to Charleston to petition the governor for help, that arrangements were made to reopen the mine and supply the people with food on credit. The governor generously gave the miners $10 out of his own bill-fold.

The company issues its own money. Therefore the miners often do not see real coins from one year's end to the next. Even Andy Mellon pays his miners in tin money with holes in it. This scrip is non-negotiable except as an independent merchant here takes it in at seventy-five cents or less on the dollar. On a movie house in Cedar Grove there is this sign:

ADMISSION

	Children	Adults
	15 cents	30 cents
Scrip	20 cents	40 cents

If a miner is single or if several in a family are working, they may earn more than they spend at the company store and receive cash for the difference, but most of the miners are hopelessly in debt to the company. Moreover, it is not "healthy" to trade elsewhere. At union headquarters there is a photostat copy of a typed list circulated among foremen showing how much each miner had traded as scrip with a note, "Give preference to the man who trades at the store." Prices are commonly 40 to 60 per cent higher at the company stores than elsewhere. One operator said, "Our mine isn't paying much but we make out pretty well with our store business."

The company owns the post office in 85 per cent of the camps. Therefore a miner who receives suspicious mail may be discharged. At United, now that the strike is on, people who live outside the camp but have their mail addressed there may not go in to get it.

It is against these intolerable conditions that the miners are striking, though ostensibly the strike is to compel the operators to agree to a conference with the union. Union checkweighmen and the right to trade where they please are the miners' most pressing demands. One mine whose manager has agreed to a conference is working with union permission. "It's the wrong time to strike," people in Charleston tell me. Well, any time is the wrong time to strike as far as I have been able to observe.

At any rate, the miners of West Virginia *are* striking, and the strike spirit is splendid. Lewis Williams, a frail old fellow with a face like a withered Genitan apple, walks seventeen miles up the creek through enemy territory to sign up new members, and then limps into Charleston to report to headquarters. There are others like him. "We'd sooner starve a-strikin' than starve a-workin'," they say.

Relief is the big problem. Eight thousand miners with large families wholly dependent on the union for food is no joke. Relief trucks are going day and night from the union's warehouse in Charleston, chugging over the mountains, jolting up the "cricks" and "hollers" where anxious crowds await the beans and flour and coffee they bring. The union can furnish only enough to sustain life, and it cannot do that long unless relief continues to come in from the outside and comes more generously than it has done. There is no question that, assured of freedom from starvation, the miners in even the "toughest" companies would walk out to a man. As it is, the union hesitates to call them out. The miners are desperate, and if they cannot curb the coal companies' depredations through union agreements, they may eventually use more violent means.

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Decency and Prohibition Enforcement

By NEWTON AIKEN

WHILE the public has been looking for the much-advertised but hopelessly ineffectual Wickersham Commission to provide a formula by which the Hoover Administration might work out the prohibition "experiment" in the constructive manner to which Mr. Hoover pledged himself in the campaign of 1928, federal prohibition policy has been quietly but decisively reshaping itself under the hand of Amos W. W. Woodcock. A modest, studious man with eight years' experience in the prosecution of prohibition offenders as United States Attorney for Maryland, Mr. Woodcock took over the direction of the Prohibition Bureau on July 1, 1930, when it was transferred from its previous location in the Treasury to the Department of Justice. During his first year in office he has been effecting in practice the reform of prohibition enforcement which President Hoover so fondly expected the Wickersham Commission to outline in theory.

It is only fair to the Wickersham Commission to say that it paved the way for Mr. Woodcock's appointment by recommending the transfer of his bureau from its former to its present location; it may also be added that it was Mr. Woodcock's work as an investigator for the commission which first brought him to the front as a prohibition expert. In fairness it may also be noted that the new prohibition director has had the cordial support of his superiors at the Department of Justice in carrying out his policies and that he has enjoyed the collaboration of Howard T. Jones, who was Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt's assistant and who now sits at Mr. Woodcock's right hand. But whatever part other individuals or agencies may have had, the primary responsibility for reform has been his and the initiative seems in large measure to have come from his own fund of experience.

Now that Mr. Woodcock has been in office a full year, the principal contours of his program are more or less clearly defined, and it is possible by use of the statistics, for the current publication of which he is responsible, to form some estimate of his accomplishment. A study of these matters is a useful preliminary to any consideration of the supreme enforcement drive, which, according to Mr. Woodcock's own announcement, is now ready to begin with the aid of the 500 new operatives for which the last Congress made provision. Every indication points to the probability that this drive will be in fact as well as in name the greatest offensive ever conducted by enforcement agencies on the prohibition front. Around its success or failure much of the future debate over this issue is almost certain to revolve.

Although Mr. Woodcock has insisted from the beginning that he has nothing to do with the politics of prohibition, nearly everything that he does has potential repercussions of a political character. The political implications seem particularly important in the case of Mr. Woodcock's fundamental policy of forcing federal dry agents to be decent, or as he would phrase it, to keep within the law. This policy, which was the first big innovation for which the new director was responsible, seems much less likely to serve as a barrier to the bootleg business than as a bulwark against the political darts so often leveled at prohibition in the past through the enforcement agencies. In adopting decency as one of his watchwords, Mr. Woodcock has in fact demonstrated once more that sound sense may often be sound politics—a truth of which too many of our would-be statesmen seem unaware.

Although the policy of decency has expressed itself in many ways, its most important manifestation has been in connection with the operations of federal dry agents on the public highways. Before Mr. Woodcock's appointment, prohibition operatives were notoriously unmindful of the rights of motorists and flagrantly unrestrained in their use of firearms against innocent travelers. Numerous killings of persons wholly unconnected with the liquor traffic were reported and still more numerous interferences with the movements of law-abiding citizens. Mr. Woodcock began his tenure by insisting that his men stop these pernicious and illegal forms of activity. Within less than a month after he took office, he suspended two dry agents for stopping and searching a car in his own State of Maryland on the report of an unknown stranger that it was carrying liquor.

The investigation upon which this disciplinary action was based was completed and the order of suspension issued within twenty-four hours after the complaint of the aggrieved motorist reached the director's desk. This prompt and decisive action, which Mr. Woodcock followed up by requiring all prohibition cars to carry identifying insignia when overhauling suspected automobiles on the road, put the whole dry force on notice that such irresponsible tactics would no longer be tolerated. In the Maryland case Mr. Woodcock laid down the rule that cars should be stopped and searched only when the searchers had probable cause—in the strict legal sense of the term—to believe that the law was being violated. This rule he has continued to emphasize with the result that complaints against dangerous official depredations on the highways have about ceased. The change has hardly improved the efficiency of the dry forces but it has deprived the opponents of prohibition of an important source of critical ammunition for use against the federal enforcement agencies. Since federal enforcement agencies had drawn much of the wet fire, this may easily prove a major political gain.

Of somewhat similar import is the Woodcock policy of concentrating on the commercial fellows, allowing private violators of the law to go their way. The primary purpose and effect of this policy are, of course, administrative, but the ban on federal invasions of private homes and on interference with flask carriers, both of which have on occasion caused public vexation in the past, has some tendency to disarm criticism. The same may be said of the effort to improve the moral and intellectual tone of the dry enforcement army. The results of this particular effort are not very clear as yet, but there are grounds for believing that increased care in the selection and training of men and increased emphasis on dignity and intelligence in actual op-

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erations have caused a decline in the corruption and profligacy which were so often in evidence and which under former regimes provided the wets with some of their choicest arguments.

It must be noted, however, that certain of the old practices remain, and that their continued use raises a doubt whether the moral tone of the bureau Mr. Woodcock heads can ever be raised to the level to which he aspires. The use of informers, the practice of wire-tapping, which a dissenting minority of the United States Supreme Court characterized as "dirty business," the operation of under-cover offices around which unpleasant charges of government liquor selling often center—these forms of activity Mr. Woodcock condones. He says that he is personally opposed to the use of informers, but has yielded to the exigencies of practical law enforcement as expounded by men in his bureau, who say that such practices form a necessary part of enforcement. These practices are more in keeping with the police atmosphere from which the dry leader says he wants to get away than with the rarefied air of intellectual investigation to which he hopes to attain. Incidentally, they continue to provide the critics of federal prohibition with arguments which the policy of decency has done so much in other directions to cut off.

Important as the political implications of the policy of decency may be, the ultimate success of the Woodcock regime will depend not upon improvement in the relations between the Prohibition Bureau and the public, but upon the suppression of the liquor traffic. This is an administrative matter, and on the administrative side Mr. Woodcock's big contribution to prohibition policy is his campaign of "steady pressure." He professes to believe that "steady pressure" applied by a force of intelligent and gentlemanly investigators against commercial violators of the law will stop the traffic in intoxicants. In his testimony before a House committee last winter he even went so far as to predict that it would close all the speakeasies.

Any consideration of this belief and of the campaign to which it relates brings us squarely against the fundamental prohibition-enforcement problem. This problem is whether the American traffic in alcohol can be dried up by the use of legal sanctions. It involves first of all the question whether it is possible to catch and prosecute all the violators of a law which a large proportion of the public disregards. There is also involved the question whether if all the violators were at some time or another caught and punished in accordance with Mr. Woodcock's ideal, the manufacture and sale of intoxicants would cease. The importance of the Woodcock regime is that it bids fair for the first time since federal prohibition began to provide a documented answer to both these questions.

For the new policies, even in their first year, have resulted in the application of powerful legal sanctions to an increasing number of prohibition offenders. The much-advertised campaign of "steady pressure" when translated into action means nothing more nor less than jail for more and more people. The record of Mr. Woodcock's first year shows 29,465 Volstead offenders sent to jail from the federal courts. It is the greatest flood of prison sentences that ever flowed from the supposedly pure fountains of federal justice. It represents an increase of 31 per cent over the 22,405 individual jail sentences of the previous fiscal year, and it is almost twice the number of such sentences in 1928 when Mr. Hoover was pledging himself to enforcement.

Moreover, the flood is still rising. In the first six months of Mr. Woodcock's tenure, federal courts were turning out prison sentences at the rate of about 25,000 a year. But when the fiscal year closed, they were being ground out at the rate of from 35,000 to 40,000 a year. The increase may be due to the addition of 150 dry agents to the Prohibition Bureau's forces after Congress adjourned, or it may be due to the increased efficiency of the old agencies, or to both these causes. In any event there is in this record a reasonably strong indication that with 350 more agents going into action this year, and with Mr. Woodcock still drumming away at his "steady pressure" doctrine, the curve of incarcerations will continue to rise. It would seem that here at last is the man to demonstrate what results the strong-arm theory of enforcement which underlay the Jones five-and-ten law will actually produce in practice.

The great increase in prison sentences is the more significant because of the fact that the aggregate of fines imposed during the prohibition year of 1931 was only $5,497,566, the smallest figure of any year since 1922. There was also a drop in the number of permanent injunctions in padlock cases from 8,801 in 1930 to 6,449 in Mr. Woodcock's first year. A suggested explanation of the decline in padlocks is the practice under which an increasing number of property-owners voluntarily get rid of prohibition "nuisances" to which the authorities may call attention. But even after taking this explanation into account, the diverging trend between imprisonments on the one hand and other prohibition penalties on the other tends to confirm the impression that the new director is taking the philosophy of the Jones law very much to heart in preparing his cases for trial.

There are many drawbacks that may militate against the success of the Woodcock drive. Many of the most important issues in the prohibition controversy are involved, and opinions will vary in accordance with the shade of moisture or dryness of the individual. But two drawbacks are inherent in the scheme itself, the one real and the other potential. The first arises from the fact that the application of "steady pressure" is by no means uniform. The average jail sentence in 1931 was 226 days, but there were a number of districts in which the duration of the sentence was often less than one-fourth of this figure. In June, for example, the average jail sentence in Connecticut was only 50 days, in the Southern District of New York it was only 10 days, and in Rhode Island the same figure. There must be a wide divergence between the effectiveness of "steady pressure" in such districts and its effectiveness in the Eastern District of Kentucky, where the average sentence in June was 597 days. It is a question whether Mr. Woodcock can ever get sentences up to the sticking-point in such wet States as New York and Connecticut. Yet those States are the ones in which federal effort is most needed to give effectiveness to the prohibitory statutes.

A potential drawback to the Woodcock campaign is the possibility that the increased zeal of federal prosecutors may cause a slackening of activity on the part of the States which are now working to back up the dry regime. This at present is a possibility and nothing more, but in view of the quite evident disposition on the part of the States to let Uncle Sam carry all the financial burdens they can shift to

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his shoulders, it is worth taking into account. Mr. Woodcock has made it one of his cardinal purposes to promote State cooperation wherever possible. He says he is thoroughly satisfied with the result, but since he has commented favorably on the help he has received from Maryland and New York, which are notoriously unmindful of prohibition, one is forced to the conclusion that his expressions of satisfaction are but part of his avowed policy of avoiding all criticism of the way in which the States exercise their concurrent prohibition powers. In the dry areas, however, State support is undoubtedly forthcoming. Its diminution might cause a setback to the new federal policy.

Such disadvantages may interfere with the success of the Woodcock regime, but they will not affect its validity as a test of federal prohibition enforcement. If Mr. Woodcock keeps on in the paths he has charted he will do as much as any man can do without the aid of the army, the navy, and the marine corps to give federal prohibition the full and fair test for which its advocates have been clamoring. As to the outcome of the test and as to the desirability of its purposes, that is another story.

In the Driftway

THERE is a certain consolation in reading weather reports, and the instinct of the newspapers that the weather is front-page news is certainly sound. To read that the day before, sweltering still in memory, was the record high temperature for all time is somehow very cheering, even on another hot morning. And when the temperature remains unsympathetically low, the humidity always obliges with an upward burst to account for one's discomfort. Aside from this unfailing daily occupation, however, the Drifter has other ways of combating the burden of the heat. In the first place he keeps all his windows closed; then he drinks water without ice, and lots of it; he throws all constricting clothing out of the window or into a convenient closet; he disconnects the telephone, he cuts the door-bell wire (this innocent amount of sabotage is readily explained and compensated for later to the landlord), and he settles himself down to a book.

* * * * *

THERE are many kinds of solacing hot-weather reading, few more successful than John Muir's "My First Summer in the Sierra." There is in this book a constant sound of rushing water, cool, bright, refreshing; there is wind blowing through fragrant pines; there are acres of fresh flowers. But this is not the only good book for sultry days. The Drifter recalls one summer spent principally in New York, although green pastures urged him elsewhere. He was obliged, therefore, not only to forget the heat but the necessity that kept him in it. He read "The Idiot" and "Crime and Punishment" and "The Brothers Karamazov," and in their restless energy he lost sight of all minor discomforts. He read Ring Lardner's "Round Up" and found energy in it also, not to be despised beside that of Dostoevski. On the whole he found that only the great books kept his attention from the thick murkiness of his surroundings. He has never understood what is commonly meant by "summer reading." It takes, not a light and frivolous book, but a serious, solid, meaty one to keep his mind off his own troubles.

* * * * *

THERE is, too, the important question of what to eat in hot weather. Certain misguided persons advise cold food, mostly grass and hay. To this the Drifter is unalterably opposed. After a torrid day, when one's energy is spent largely in complaining and sweating, there is nothing quite so intoxicating as a nice, juicy beefsteak, not too well done. If this is partaken of with fruit on the side, and certain garnishes of potato and coffee, and if one sits absolutely still after eating it and does not pace the floor or dash to the movies or ride through steaming streets in an automobile, the heat will be no more than a pleasant adjunct to the serious business of digestion. All this, of course, is advice for the unfortunate person compelled to spend hot days in a city like New York. There are persons, or so the Drifter has heard, who disport themselves by mountain lakes, where the water is cold enough to take away the breath; there are others who bathe in the ocean, far from crowds and hot-dog stands and roller coasters; there are green fields and swift winds and an almost complete absence of the human race. But for those who do not know these delights, a calm mind, a large book, and a good beefsteak afford a surprisingly adequate substitute.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Socialist Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 29, in an article by Mr. Hallgren, it is stated in describing strike-relief work of the Socialist Party: "They [the Socialist Party] are at great pains to see that only present and former members of the party (many of the latter of whom have gone over to the Communists) benefit by the relief they dispense." May we take this opportunity to deny emphatically such a state of affairs and to deny that anything was said to Mr. Hallgren during his interviews with the administrative committee of the Miners' Relief Fund of the Socialist Party to justify his statement?

I have before me at the date of writing a file of signed receipts showing every delivery of relief materials that has been made by our fund to date. This file discloses that of some thirty deliveries made by our committee beginning June 30, there were only two cases in which relief was delivered into the charge of Socialist Party members. Of these two cases, the first was discontinued after the original delivery, the Socialist group in question at Strabane, Pennsylvania, taking the initiative in the organization of a National Miners' Union relief kitchen. The other case is a minor one involving a group of about a dozen families whose heads are on strike under the National Miners' Union and about half of whom happen to be Socialist Party members. Of the thirty main shipments distributed, twenty-two went to National Miners' Union commissaries, four shipments went to groups of striking miners who still cherish the United Mine Workers' label, and the remainder went to miscellaneous groups, including the Socialist ones I have referred to. Mr. Hallgren was with Colston Warne and William L. Nunn of New York when these gentlemen visited our office and were shown these same records. May we

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note that this committee of Nunn, Hallgren, and Warne called our attention to the virtual starvation at Penowa, Pennsylvania, where no other group was delivering relief? The following day a truckload of food was sent into this remote settlement without delay or question. These miners have never heard the word Socialist as far as we know. It is important to note also that not a single piece of propaganda literature has gone out with these shipments, not because we don't believe in propaganda but because we who are on the ground realize, as Mr. Hallgren on a four-day visit cannot, that the great number of miners are neither Socialists nor Communists, nor are they preoccupied with political issues, their full attention being engaged in the necessities of an industrial struggle. We have repeatedly and accurately declared that our committee is sending whatever it receives directly into the strike area with total disregard either for the union or for the political affiliation of miners as long as they are strikers.

Pittsburgh, July 27 SARAH LIMBACH,
Secretary Miners' Relief Fund of the Socialist Party

[With regard to this letter from Miss Limbach, Mr. Hallgren states: "The writer appears to be laboring under the misapprehension that a miner who has joined the National Miners' Union cannot once have been a Socialist. In my inquiries in many coal towns I found any number of Socialists and former Socialists, the latter being for the most part members of the N.M.U., who had benefited by relief distributed through the Miners' Relief Fund of the Socialist Party. The writer, it may be noted, admits that most of the Socialist relief has gone to N.M.U. commissaries. I wish to point out that in the districts where these particular commissaries are functioning I found the former Socialists to be especially numerous. An unprejudiced investigation, I am sure, would show this to be true. I do not understand the writer's reference to my interviews with the administrative committee of the Miners' Relief Fund. Certainly nowhere in my article did I suggest that my observations were based on any statement of policy uttered by the committee in my presence."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Desperate Need

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Maybe you don't know who I am but my husband was killed here in Arnold City in the mine riot on June 23 and I am left with five children. So I would like you to send someone out here to advise what to do and how to go about doing it."

Mrs. Mary Philipovich, who writes this letter to the Prisoners' Relief Fund, is twenty-six years old and expects a baby in a few weeks. Her husband, Mike Philipovich, was a sympathetic storekeeper in Arnold City who had been helping the striking miners with relief. For his sympathy he was shot and killed by deputies in front of his own store.

The five children are all under ten years old, have neither shoes nor stockings, and according to Bob Cruden, who went to see them, are "obviously undernourished."

At least for the next few weeks, until her baby comes and until she herself is well and strong once more, Mary Philipovich must have help. Every dollar sent for her relief will reach her promptly through a representative of the Prisoners' Relief Fund, of which Robert Dunn is chairman. Mark your contribution "for Mary Philipovich" and send it to Prisoners' Relief Fund, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, or to Grace Hutchins, treasurer, at the same address.

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46,000 Miners are Striking Against Starvation

IN Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky

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Thousands are being evicted from company-owned homes!

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Books

Night Is Here

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The day of crystal now is done,
Small children sated with the sun
  Lie brown on pillows cool and white,
  Vast thunderheads stand up from night
And hold the sunset on their towers,
The fields are full of sudden flowers,
  Of fireflies, and whippoorwills
  Call behind the darkened hills.

Night is here, and sleep holds up
The starry bubbles of her cup
  To the lips of men and birds
  To hush and drown their songs and words,
Make them forget their pulse and breath
Like the lords of life and death,
  Make them friends of nebulae
  And brothers of the thoughtless sea.

A Study in Comeliness

Shadows on the Rock. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

NO American writer writes more beautifully than Miss Cather, with more care for the just word, for the pure phrase, for the noble and elevated idea. It is no longer necessary to say that she is in the very front rank of American novelists. There would be plenty of persons to put her securely in first place; but comparisons of this sort are unnecessary to establish her quality. Wherever her place, it is hers and hers alone. She can claim undisputed title to it by virtue of her unceasing labor in the cause of fine writing. She has given herself to it with the ardor of one of her own *religieuses,* and the results have been altogether worthy of her devotion.

Her latest novel is a triumphant series of examples of her talents. Laid in the Quebec of the late seventeenth century, it paints the life of that passionately French colony with broad, smooth strokes. If it centers around the apothecary, Euclide Auclair, and his daughter Cécile, it draws within its strong light many others of the colonists: Jacques, the son of the village prostitute; Count Frontenac, Auclair's patron, proud, reserved, defeated; the old Bishop, spending his body and his soul for Christ; the young Bishop, proud also, and unsure of his powers, reckless, extravagant, broken by life before he leaves it; Pierre Charron, the colonial adventurer of the best type, full of life and strength and gaiety; and the recluse, Jeanne Le Ber, giving the last second of her time, the last ounce of her strength, the very drops of her blood, in undeviating and passionate zeal for God.

With this group and several others only a little less clear, Miss Cather recreates the Quebec of 1700 and the France of the same time. In the apothecary's household are assembled all the virtues that the French can claim. It is a comely household; twelve-year-old Cécile, with her cleanliness, her piety, her skill at cooking and housewifery, her sweet and childish ardors, makes it so; and the apothecary, wise, calm, loyal, makes it so also. In the little shop and the sitting-room behind it dwell order, peace, and love. It is Miss Cather's particular gift that when she writes of these virtues she makes all other characteristics seem unnecessary. If this is not in fact a comely world, her world is altogether comely and convincing. Cécile, back from a visit to sluttish, disorderly people, reflects on her own cleanly home. "These coppers, big and little, these brooms and clouts and brushes, were tools; and with them one made, not shoes or cabinet work, but life itself. One made a climate within a climate; one made the days, the complexion, the special flavor, the special happiness of each day as it passed; one made life." Miss Cather has made life of the complexion she likes it to be, she has made her own special flavor and happiness and climate. It is not romance, it is surely not realism. It is something more; a kind of undubitable piety and goodness which warm the heart and refresh the mind and occasionally bring tears to the eyes.

Having said all this, I can say that I think a certain quality of coherence and growth has gone out of Miss Cather's writings. She becomes increasingly disparate and episodic. In her best books, which I should say were "The Song of the Lark," "My Antonia," and "A Lost Lady," she builds up her episodes into a tightly knit and meaningful whole, not wholly because they are built around a central character—"Death Comes for the Archbishop" and "Shadows on the Rock" move around central characters—but because Thea and Antonia and Mrs. Forrester actually live their lives before our eyes, because we see them not only accepting life but wrestling with it, trying to mold it to their own desire. They are strong and they do not always succeed; they try to shape their destinies and in the end are shaped by them. This struggle with life is fainter in "Death Comes for the Archbishop"; in "Shadows on the Rock" it has almost disappeared. One feels that the characters in the latter book completed their earthly existence before the tale began and are engaged in shadowy and painless struggles with their past, struggles in which no blood is spilt because the blood has gone out of them into the color of the Quebec sky, into the red of Cécile's curtains drawn tightly over the windows to keep out the wind and the sound of the rain.

My only objection to this sort of soberly splendid landscape painting is that Miss Cather is still in the height of her middle years and it is not time for her to become reminiscent or resigned. Archbishop Latour, at seventy-five, could write: "I am enjoying to the full that period of reflection which is the happiest conclusion to a life of action." If one may say so without being impertinent, Miss Cather is two decades away from such a period. I should like to see from her hand another novel with more edge to it; one that was no less shapely or beautiful or wise, but one in which her characters were presented in process of learning all that she knows about life. But if she will not do it, we may be well content with what we have.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Charming Sir Edmund

The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse. By Evan Charteris. Harper and Brothers. $5.

BEGIN at the beginning with Edmund Gosse. He was a boy in search of a father. Philip Henry Gosse, the father in the flesh, somehow eluded him and left the lonely, delicate boy out in the fearful dark. Philip Gosse, a widower with an only son, loved the son a bit too well; he must make him over into his own image or reject him. The boy could make no adequate response to the deeply religious, turgid emotions of the full-grown man. The father whom he yearned for would eat him alive; this meant a long, wavering war between father and son that was not to be settled until after

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the father's death, and Edmund Gosse's own book, "Father and Son," was written, and Edmund himself a man past middle age.

This warfare was the background of Edmund Gosse's career, from which he learned a complete manual of diplomatic arts. Escape from destruction was to be found not by running away, nor by fighting back directly (for the enemy was too powerful), but by nourishing a talent for persuasive charm. When the time came for young Edmund Gosse to go to London as a clerk in the British Museum, he had already mastered his gifts for tact and a variety of small maneuvers of advance and retreat. Personal charm was an art to be learned above all other arts and to guide the wandering of a sensitive and fearful eye. Young Gosse had also caught something of the fever for adventure that characterized the Victorian mind. He set himself the task of learning foreign languages, particularly the Scandinavian. This was to be fostered as an exotic voyage away from puritanism and the Sunday meeting-house. It was to be used for practical as well as social advantages, an accomplishment that would enable him to make friends in a drawing-room and to advance his position as a clerk. He made himself alert and ripe for opportunity. His search for a father was readily converted into whole-hearted hero-worship, and there were many heroes to be found in London during the 1870's. First of all, there was the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood with Swinburne and Rossetti flaming at its center. An introduction to the circle was like tasting forbidden fruit. But before Gosse could eat his fill, he spent a short vacation abroad which led him into Scandinavia and Copenhagen. Almost at once he became the advance guard of Scandinavian literature in London, publicity man extraordinary representing Brandes, Ibsen and Company to the English-speaking world. It was impossible not to be captivated by the deferential young Englishman who gazed upon literary Copenhagen with something of the same awe with which the ancient Norsemen gazed upon the gods.

Edmund Gosse's early instincts had served him well. He had secured a position as translator on the Board of Trade and was accepted both in London and in Copenhagen as the official spokesman for all of literary Scandinavia. His secure position gave him authority to defend his heroes of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. They accepted him on equal terms and fought for his poetry with the same enthusiasm with which they carried their own work to recognition and victory. But Edmund Gosse's passion for hero-worship remained ungratified. The Pre-Raphaelite group was, after all, a small charmed circle, and Edmund Gosse had discovered that his talent for making friends was no mean gift. Here, on one hand, was romantic young Robert Louis Stevenson and, on the other, Thomas Hardy. Even from the first he had reconciled friendship with Austin Dobson and Algernon Swinburne. He had good reason to suspect that his tastes were as catholic as the wide world itself and that his social poise functioned as an admirable substitute for critical discernment. His appreciation of William Dean Howells and Henry James led to a lecture tour in America. Gosse found himself far more popular than the less trustful Matthew Arnold. On his return from America he was offered the position of Clark Lecturer at Cambridge, for which he supplied the subject of the American lectures, "From Shakespeare to Pope." His record of continuous success was still unbroken; it was not until the lectures appeared in book form and were reviewed by John Churton Collins in October, 1886, that the storm fell upon his shoulders. Poor Gosse was bewildered. Collins was an old friend; he had been a guest at Gosse's literary teas, served as only Gosse knew how to serve them, urbane, graceful, civilized, with Mrs. Gosse a perfect hostess. Collins elaborated upon Gosse's errors, pointed out misstatements of fact, and reprimanded Gosse as he would an indolent and careless schoolboy. Gosse, to put it mildly, was badly shaken. Friends rushed to his defense; Tennyson roared against Collins at a garden party; Cambridge renewed the invitation for the Clark Lectureship. Despite this loyal support, Gosse's self-confidence was undermined. He became even more delightful, more cautious. Charm had always been his real weapon of defense. He could interpret literature prettily and at length; he could mold himself gracefully to the will of another writer. He had made his important discoveries: Ibsen, Brandes, Saint-Beuve, Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, and Robert Louis Stevenson. He could point out minor flaws and appreciate their merits. All this is on the credit side of his ledger. His gifts were creative rather than critical; sharp analysis baffled him. The attack led by Collins left him naked. One might say that he feared to go beyond the horizons already circumscribed. Meanwhile his popularity increased. In the nineties he was regarded as the benevolent godfather of the *Yellow Book*. At the turn of the century George Moore suggested that Gosse should write down the story of his relationship to his father. Gosse took advantage of Moore's advice. In 1907 the book appeared and its success was instantaneous. At last Gosse had found his medium; attack or praise no longer mattered in the least. Gosse himself was neatly settled in his berth as Librarian of the House of Lords.

The rest of the story told by Evan Charteris in his sympathetic "official" biography is one of gentle decline. Gosse's urbanity flowed serenely onward. Gosse greeted the Georgian poets, worried over the reckless realism (!) of Siegfried Sassoon, and hailed J. C. Squire as a dazzling poetic genius. Perhaps the only discovery of his later years that merits serious attention was his enthusiasm for André Gide. At the close of his life one is reminded of his conversation with Oscar Wilde, duly recorded by Mr. Charteris. Wilde said that he was very glad indeed to meet Gosse. Gosse said: "I was afraid you would be disappointed." Wilde replied: "I am never disappointed in literary men; I think they are perfectly charming. It is their works I find so disappointing."

HORACE GREGORY

"Addressee Not Found"

Epistle to Prometheus. By Babette Deutsch. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

ONE might prefer to have the modern poet forge his own symbols, but if he must look for a fragment of divinity among the ruins of the Greek pantheon, he can make no happier choice than Prometheus. Shelley wrote: "The only imaginary being resembling in any degree Prometheus is Satan; and Prometheus is, in my judgment, a more poetical character than Satan, because, in addition to courage, and majesty, and firm and patient opposition to omnipotent force, he is susceptible of being described as exempt from the taints of ambition, envy, revenge, and a desire for personal aggrandizement."

Babette Deutsch has not attempted to translate the passionate magnificence of the stealer of fire. She begins by describing him as "the gentle Titan, whom somewhat I confuse with Jahveh," but she is the child of a skeptical generation and has no real faith in him, even as a symbol. He remains a philosophic abstraction; her letter is posted to "a myth, a figment, a ghost that never wore flesh."

"Epistle to Prometheus" is divided into ten sections, each bearing an apposite quotation. Various inheritors of the Promethean fire appear chronologically either in person or by implication. Among them are Homer, Jesus, Boethius, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Lenin, and Gandhi. Miss Deutsch's vers libre, a quick rhetorical instrument, is varied by metrical patterns designed to coincide with the several persons and historical eras of her

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poem. Thus Homer is introduced by hexameters, Shakespeare by a sonnet, Voltaire (alas!) by a ballade.

I should like to praise "Epistle to Prometheus" without reservation, for it has a number of rare and excellent virtues. Its sobriety, discipline, ambition, and scholarship seem to me admirable. At the same time I must confess that the poem leaves me imaginatively and emotionally cold. It is a letter that does not reach its destination.

Perhaps it overreaches. The impulse behind the work, as in most long poems of our time, is essentially brief and lyrical. The heart of these verses is in Miss Deutsch's personal declaration:

> But now I seek you,
> now, having left behind
> the early radiance,
> not having found
> the central sustaining fire;
> in this obscure
> and middle ground I stand, I ask
> respite from time that shreds the song of being
> and every knot of being to no sound.

The whole historical apparatus of the poem, the long tracing of the Promethean dynasty down to contemporary protagonists, is seen to be merely the prelude to a subjective quest, a self-exploration for creative fire, a fashionable philosophy of defeatism.

Miss Deutsch, straining for a meaning, continues:

> here on this earth, infirm
> among the tensions
> of panting nebulae that bring forth stars
> whose grandfather was Chaos;
> here in this wide
> and barbarous world I stand . . .

The defect that mars this passage is present even in the structure of the poem. It is what Coleridge identified as "mental bombast," thoughts and images too great for the subject. A theologian might, not unkindly, describe "Epistle to Prometheus" as a work of supererogation.

STANLEY J. KUNITZ

El Greco and "Interpretation"

The Birth of Western Painting. By Arthur Byron and David Talbot Rice. Alfred A. Knopf. $10.

THE history of art and culture is apparently written in cycles. From century to century it is outlined by scholars courageous enough to sift the researches of the past and to carry out those vast projects of comprehensive chronicle and synthesis which lay out the program for future investigation. Around the beginning of the present century a large group of international students were recasting the cultural history of Europe along broad lines: Boissonnade, Mommsen, Burckhardt, Venturi, Berenson, Pijoan, van Marle. In their wake followed the specialists, conspicuous among whose tasks was the complex one of relating Western art to its Eastern origins and content. Largely through the work of these men (the list of names is again a long one: Errard, Ormonde Dalton, Corrado Ricci, Diehl, Bayet, Michel, and others) the study of the provenience of modern aesthetic ideas and styles has been liberated from the traditional lines of Renaissance archaeology laid down by Vasari and his followers, and a new formulation of the principles of Western art has been made possible. Of these three successive types of historical investigation—the comprehensive, the specialized, and the speculative—"The Birth of Western Painting" belongs to the third.

Broadly stated, the book's purpose is to trace the "interpretational ideal" in Western painting, chiefly Italian and Spanish, through the work of Duccio and Giotto to its origins in the style and iconography of Byzantine decoration, especially that in the monuments of Mistra and Mount Athos. Thereby the authors present an ulterior thesis: that art ultimately rejects "arbitrary iconography," "the conventions of revived antiquity," and "the prison of naturalism," in order to find in interpretation its own "freedom, absolute and opposed by no ingrained culture." More specifically, the volume claims that this freedom found in El Greco (through his Cretan origin the direct inheritor of Byzantine methods) its last defender before the appearance of the impressionists and Cézanne in the nineteenth century. Continuing the exaltation of El Greco which was begun, at the expense of Velasquez, by Maier-Graefe in "The Spanish Journey" a quarter-century ago, the authors locate him in his racial background as the last representative of those Byzantine interpreters who

> . . . in the eighth and ninth centuries . . . discovered a new purpose in art. In the tenth and eleventh they perfected a corresponding technique. In the eleventh and twelfth . . . [they] coalesced in a common impulse toward humanization. In the thirteenth and fourteenth they communicated the purpose, in the guise of a humanized style of painting, to Italy. The Italians then revived the classical technique of reproduction, which so overwhelmed them that, in the sixteenth, they lost the purpose. But in the sixteenth came the last Byzantine, who borrowed of the new freedom, only to further the original aim. Then he died *without succession*; and not until three centuries later was the aim rediscovered. This is the history of interpretational painting in Europe.

The present volume falls squarely into two parts: Mr. Byron's essay, the boldness and frequent deficiency of whose outline should not blind the reader to its vigor and importance; and Mr. Rice's photographs, one of the best studies in stylistic evolution in recent scholarship. Byron's thesis is its own confession of risk. In some two hundred pages he steps from medieval Greece to Cézanne. The gaps in his presentation are hardly excused by his plea for a corrective ideation. He fails to account for the presence of unquestionable interpretational elements in primitive Italian and Gothic art before the assertion of the Byzantine influence. His summary of political and social motives is clouded by his uncertainty as to the exact nature of an artist's indebtedness to the external conditions of culture and society under which he works. El Greco's roots are too facilely separated from his growth in Italy and Spain, and in order to promote the value of interpretational motives in painting, Mr. Byron indulges in a kind of heckling petulance and generalization which leads him, now to cast loose aspersions on such representatives of Renaissance ideas as Michelangelo, Velasquez, and Rubens, and now to subordinate the entire spiritual evolution of Western art to the ideal of "aesthetic objectivity" achieved in Byzantium.

Nevertheless, he has outlined in its underlying logic one of the major transitions in the history of art. In so doing, he has suggested at least three problems for emphasis by future historians: the formal contribution of Byzantine art to Renaissance styles in Italy; the relation of painters like Duccio and Giotto to their Eastern as well as Gothic ancestors; and, lastly, the thorny matter of El Greco's character and its basic contribution to modern design and color. El Greco today claims more hostile partisans than any other historical painter. With Pijoan claiming him as the spiritual child of Spain, with Waterhouse stressing his Italian derivations, and with August Mayer and the present authors insisting on his Byzantine foundation, his pivotal position must at last be acknowledged. "The Birth of Western Painting" will leave its mark on art studies if it merely promotes those investigations into Western painting to which El Greco provides a salient clue.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

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The General Strike

The General Strike. By Wilfrid H. Crook. University of North Carolina Press. $6.

FROM their inception the labor organizations of the world have naturally discussed the policies and tactics of offense and defense. After it was recognized that the strength of the workers lies in collective action, it became inevitable that the discussion should center around what forms of collective action were likely to prove most effective. In that connection the question immediately arose as to what kind of action would be most desirable in extraordinarily critical periods when the interests of the entire working class of a country—or the world—were at stake. The resort to non-payment of taxes and barricade fighting, which the bourgeoisie had used effectively against the monarchical elements, was found inadequate. The workers pay little by way of direct taxes, and modern governments are too well organized with their police and militia to make barricade fighting effective. Moreover, the organized workers may at times want to act as a unit against the employers or capitalists. Hence, the idea of the general strike came into vogue. But that immediately raises the question, For what purpose is the general strike to be used? Wilfrid H. Crook, in his comprehensive and scholarly study of the general strike, points out that there are three kinds—political, economic, and revolutionary. That is, the workers may call a general strike because of political grievances against the government, or because of economic grievances against employers; but in both these cases the aim is "reformistic." Then there is the general strike which sets as its goal the overthrow of the present system. All three have been used from time to time, but the political "reformistic" strike has thus far netted the most tangible results.

Naturally the idea of the general strike was not accepted without much heated debate. Certain Marxian elements opposed it because they feared it might supplant political action. However, after the turn of the century, all the radical groups accepted the idea. The Socialists were inclined to feature the political, and the Syndicalists the economic strike, although the former recognized that under certain circumstances the economic strike is also feasible, if used with caution and only for "reformistic" purposes. Although the Syndicalists featured the economic strike, it was in countries of Socialist influence, as in Sweden, Holland, and England, that it was used most extensively.

Previous to the war the question of a general strike as a war preventive was debated, with the moderate radicals and the German Socialists particularly doubting its practicability. No clear-cut decision was arrived at and no attempt was made to use this weapon either at the outbreak of hostilities or during the war.

What about the effectiveness of the general strike? Thus far, for various reasons, it has not proved very effective. The proper technique has not yet been devised for calling and conducting such a strike. Besides, the success of a general strike, particularly for revolutionary purposes in a modern capitalistic nation, would depend not only upon the support it received from the workers, but also upon the extent to which it could win over the middle classes, and the degree to which it could infuse national armed forces with a spirit of class consciousness. Naturally the capitalistic forces have not stood idly by during a general strike. Even in the case of "reformistic" general strikes the governments and the capitalistic interests have taken advantage of all the patriotic sentiments to organize the middle classes against the strike, and in cooperation with the military forces they have used them to man the essential services.

As the author indicates, under present conditions more general strikes are inevitable, and their success will depend on the ability for planning and leading the strikes, as well as the degree to which the movement can win over large groups of middle-class and military elements. While much has been written on the general strike, this is the first thorough and scholarly study of the subject. It is well documented and contains an excellent bibliography. The book may be considered the authoritative work on the subject.

DAVID J. SAPOSS

New York's Palmy Days

Annals of the New York Stage. By George C. D. Odell. Volume V (1843-50); Volume VI (1850-57); Volume VII (1857-65). Columbia University Press. $26.25.

DR. ODELL has reached the end of his seventh volume of "Annals of the New York Stage." An arithmetical count indicates that in about 4,900 closely packed and generous-sized pages he has taken his narrative from speculative beginnings, and has brought his day-by-day account through the troublous war year of 1865. One does not look for style in such a reference book. The torrents of dates and play titles and casts—so generously indexed in each book—scarcely invite variety of treatment. But it is surprising how light and exuberant is the spirit of Dr. Odell, as he puts himself in the place of each generation and reviews every imaginable form of entertainment, from classic repertory to circus, giving due proportion and credit to distinctive players and famous productions. Though ostensibly a reference book, unique in its scholarly concern for seemingly unimportant dates, there are pages in these volumes that show a refreshing enthusiasm. Right through the many years of arduous labor Dr. Odell has never faltered. And the seven monuments now on the shelf are fine examples, not only of calm determination, but of artistic printing of the highest order.

We are concerned here, in this small review, with the years 1843-65, detailed in three volumes. We see emerge into eminence a roster of actors traditionally constituting "the palmy days of the New York theater." The old-timers declare that never shall we see such days again. This statement we may wink at. But there is no doubt that actor families were then in the vigor of their very best qualities. The romantic Wallacks, the genial Jeffersons, the tragically morose Booths were in the ascendant, while Edwin Forrest roared at Macready until there was a riot at Astor Place, the handiwork largely of foolish petulance. For once, also, in our theater history, rowdy politics took the occasion of Macready's snobbishness to fulminate on soap-boxes against the condescension of certain foreigners.

Dr. Odell's panorama shows us actors rising into prominence and reaching years of retirement. Popular favor is never loyal for too many seasons. New York has always been greedy for change in entertainment. In the present three volumes there are no longer mentioned the names of George Frederick Cooke and Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, once the idols of favor. In these new pages, too, giant figures are about to depart ("are we so soon forgot when we are gone!")—J. B. Booth the elder, eccentric, electric, is perfectly willing that his son Edwin usurp the throne; Manager Simpson, a theatrical sport of the glorious Park Theater days (where on a visit Fanny Kemble's youthful beauty bloomed to perfection), retires after thirty-eight years' devotion to the stage, and the old Park's brilliancy flickers as other theaters farther up Broadway blaze new glories. Even Fanny Kemble, grown matronly now, gives readings and her Juliet is a memory. There come upon the

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scene such figures as Lester Wallack, Laura Keene, Dion Boucicault, and Matilda Heron. Before we reach the last page of the seventh volume, we glimpse Tony Pastor singing on low variety stages, and Augustin Daly writing as dramatic critic on a local paper. The old order gives place to new. Dr. Odell sees the goal toward which he is working—how many volumes ahead we do not know.

I have always felt, as I followed his narrative, that its most valuable aspects were in the lowly arts which have always regaled New Yorkers. Those are fully noted. Dr. Odell is eminently just in his apportionment of record. Music lovers will find full inventory of concerts, the opera, and the Philharmonic. So meticulous is he that the arch of a brow, the curl of a lip, even the grace of leg shows and living pictures arrest his attention. The latest volumes before me present feeling descriptions of Jenny Lind and Patti, give due credit to Negro minstrelsy, and enlarge upon the mad frenzy which stirred audiences in the fifties over "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Though an advocate of the classical repertory, Dr. Odell interprets his task as being one of fair recording. He has scanned all the local papers—I ache for the sheer physical strain of it—and draws from the brown and crumbling columns strange happenings. And he chuckles amidst the dust whenever he finds our modern life forestalled. For example, in the forties the New York hotels advertised "Free and Easies," which must have put our tangos and fox trots to shame! Maybe, after all, much of the staidness of our elders and their elders was fictitious!

One is not supposed to read consecutively such a reference work as "Annals of the New York Stage." I have perhaps done more of it than is good for the mind. But to test such a narrative is the only way of understanding its thoroughness and all-inclusiveness. Use the index and you have an infinity of biographies; look under the entries for Bulwer-Lytton and Scott and Dickens, and you can measure what literary tastes were rampant among the reading public of the forties and fifties, and follow how well John Brougham, W. E. Burton, and Boucicault dramatized and mounted such works as "Night and Morning," "The Heart of Midlothian," and "David Copperfield." This was the era also of "The Count of Monte Cristo." Dr. Odell is generous in his quotations from critical opinions of the time. To some extent one has an anthology of newspaper dramatic criticism in these pages through many generations. In comparison with Joseph N. Ireland, who was New York's first theater historian, Dr. Odell is more scholarly, though maybe not quite so first hand; and of course Ireland ended about 1866. In contrast with T. Allston Brown, Dr. Odell is accurate to the hour instead of within a day or so. No one will wish to do over again what Dr. Odell has done, for there is no need. These seven volumes show New York always to have been a little theatrically crazy. So far, Dr. Odell's narrative gives ample evidence that in the "palmy days" audiences knew their classics well and were delighted in seeing many actors in the same role; that these audiences welcomed visitors from abroad, if for no other reason than to encourage the "home" player that he was not so bad after all. When E. L. Davenport went to London with "our little Mowatt," he roared against the careless ways of the English stage. When Charlotte Cushman was soundly berated for her crudeness by Macready, the home papers waved the flag and joined the Forrest ranks of super-Americans. Such tempo of moods and temper does not escape Dr. Odell.

With all his dates and casts piled toweringly on each side of him, I have wondered that this conscientious recorder has found time and space for so much comment as he makes. Of course such a reference work as this imposes its own limitations. By its very bulk and size it dims its high lights. But curiously, a mechanical index, by the number of references it gives to particular names and topics, draws the eye to the important happenings. In each volume keep your gaze upon the index and you will not go far wrong as to the popular acceptances during the years (to wit, two hundred and fifty in the seven volumes) of Manhattan's frenzied playgoing.

MONTROSE J. MOSES

Books in Brief

The Five-Year Plan of the Soviet Union. A Political Interpretation. By G. T. Grinko. International Publishers. $3.50.

The author of this book held important offices in the Ukraine, where he won standing as a leader in economic and industrial planning, before being transferred to the vice-presidency of the State Planning Commission of the Soviet Republic. His book, as one would expect, is a stout and aggressive defense of the Five-Year Plan in all its aspects, with quite as much of economics as of politics in its "interpretation." What is said is, of course, a compound of record and prediction, the review covering such topics as the prospects of industrial development, Socialist rationalization and the workers, agricultural progress, the rise of a worker-peasant bloc, transportation by rail, water, and air, housing and city planning, the problem of skilled personnel and the cultural uplift of the masses, and the question of economic equilibrium during the critical five-year period. Such excess of accomplishment as there has been thus far Mr. Grinko attributes primarily to the cautious conservatism of the original plan, but he also emphasizes the enthusiastic response of the workers, the "superior utilization" of capital in continuous production with a consequent lowering of production costs, and the exposure and suppression of some counter-revolutionary sabotage. It is his conviction that there will be no return to capitalism, but that Russia is moving steadily toward the Socialist goal. The book is a powerful piece of argument and propaganda interspersed with sharp thrusts at capitalist pretensions.

The Life of the Empress Eugénie. By Robert Sencourt. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

After a surfeit of biographies in the ironical and disparaging vein, refreshment may be found in the sympathetic study of Eugenia de Montijo. Mr. Sencourt is an avowed champion of the Empress, and documentarily exact withal. While his advocacy softens as far as possible the hard and selfish traits in her character, his honesty does not deny or conceal them. His narrative moves with spirit, and he stages the dramatic scenes effectively. If he does not quite succeed in making his heroine lovable, it is not because of his want of zeal, for he has thrown every favorable light on her motives and acts.

India and the Simon Report. By C. F. Andrews. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The value of Mr. Andrews's analyses of things lies not in a treatment of technical aspects of India's problem but in a presentation of the psychological, the "spiritual." In this field no one surpasses him. His remarks on the Simon Commission's report are to the effect that it did not satisfy India because it failed to meet the question of restoring Inda's moral freedom almost lost through long subjection to foreign domination, and the question of reestablishing in India and throughout the Empire racial equality between white and black. Whether or not he is right in thinking these problems paramount in the Indian situation might be questioned by many Englishmen; but certainly only the ostrich-minded believe that India and Britain can be reconciled without solving them.

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Francis Joseph I. The Downfall of an Empire. By Karl Tschuppik. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

Mr. Tschuppik's vividly written book is, of course, a history of Austria-Hungary from 1848 to 1916 as well as a biography of the emperor, since by no possibility can the two be separated. Its chief characteristic, aside from its frequent correction of what the author regards as the mistaken interpretations of Austrian history by other historians, is its careful exposition of the conflicting racial, political, and social elements with which the government of the emperor had to deal, the conflict between changing class interests and the growth of democratic ideas on the one hand and the reforms that were planned or instituted on the other, and the dogged adherence of Francis Joseph, who "never read a book" and to whom the whole notion of progress was alien, to the traditional Hapsburg policy of personal government. One gathers that the generation to which the author belongs, and whose views he represents, found it possible to love Austria while recognizing that its form must be changed, and that the long continuance of the monarchy was due to the existence of positive merits as well as to the force of use and wont. The appraisal of the ideas and work of Francis Joseph's chief ministers, and the examination of the political relations between Austria-Hungary and Germany and Russia, are particularly worthy of attention. As a contribution to a study of the remoter historical causes of the World War the book is of first-rate importance. The translation from the German by C. J. S. Sprigge has been excellently done.

Gabriel the Archangel. By Federico Nardelli and Arthur Livingston. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

A lambent lightning of mockery flickers continually in this biography of the self-constituted superman, Gabriele d'Annunzio. The authors maintain a posture of respect before the poet and the molder of mellifluent prose, but their account of his deeds and his Casanovian amorality is couched in words with double edges. They are like courtiers who bend low to hide their smiles. They describe his dazzling flight as artist and patriot, but the position they accord him in the angelic hierarchy is anything but celestial. Amusing and acidly flattering, this is the first full-length portrait of d'Annunzio in English.

The Unfinished Symphony. By David Ewen. Modern Classics Publishers. $2.50.

In this "story-life" of Franz Schubert, an intense spotlight of sentimentality makes every shadow black with the misery of an unjust fate. One is not allowed to see that most of the composer's disappointments and sorrows had their roots in his own amiable impracticality. The author has not twisted facts to suit his fiction, and the idealized portrait will do very well for those readers, young or old, whose admiration for art is disturbed by criticism of the artist.

The World Crisis. By Winston Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

Of all the records left by the wielders of war power, Churchill's, by its candor and objectivity, its spirited writing, and its perception of the true direction of events, stands far above the rest. Having been First Lord of the Admiralty, his emphasis is on the naval part of the war. Sea fights were few and inconclusive; but the task of destroying the raiders, maintaining the Mediterranean and North Sea blockade, protecting the transport and provisioning of the Allied armies in France, and finally of destroying the U-boats was remarkably well handled. His defense of the Dardanelles campaign and his explanation of the defeat are impressive in their logic. His analysis of operations in France is remarkable for its clearness.

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THE NATION'S **Index**

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THE NATION

20 Vesey Street - - New York City

There is one explanation, however, that he fails to give us—of the Allied step that most needs defense, the occupation of Saloniki. The present edition concentrates in one volume, with minor revisions, the work previously issued in four.

A History of Later Latin Literature from the Middle of the Fourth to the End of the Seventeenth Century. By F. A. Wright and T. A. Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $4.75.

The authors of this work are well aware that a complete history of their subject cannot be written in 400 pages—that Aquinas, for instance, cannot be disposed of in four pages and Augustine in nine, or that a description of the styles and a synopsis of the stories of these men cannot even begin to suggest the character of their thought. But they have proceeded blithely nevertheless; have done all they could; and, since they have written well, have produced an invaluable handbook on their period. Mr. Wright, famous as a translator of late Latin poetry, seems to be the author here of many fine verse translations, and in general it may be said that the sections on belles-lettres are more satisfactory than the sections on philosophy. Nowhere else is there at present so readable an account of that Europe which between Ambrose and Milton spoke, thought, and read one language.

Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes: Slaves of Passion. By Lily B. Campbell. The Macmillan Company. $5.50.

Miss Campbell treats the tragedies of Shakespeare as studies not of action but of passion, and ransacks the medical and philosophical literature of the sixteenth century in order to discover what Shakespeare might have read as well as known about "the passions." She decides that Shakespeare was familiar with this literature and that he built up his tragic heroes with its aid. Hamlet, for instance, he made a slave of grief, describing him in this condition as any sixteenth-century student of psychology might have done. Lear's passion is wrath in old age, Othello's jealousy, and Macbeth's fear. The book is interesting and up to a point convincing. Miss Campbell may be pardoned for finding more intention of a particular sort in Shakespeare than anyone else will; in the course of her researches she has thrown light upon many neglected passages in Shakespeare, and has given a plausible account of his general view of human nature.

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How They Win Elections in Hungary

By FRIEDRICH SCHEU

Vienna, July 6

ON Sunday, July 28, the first of the three days on which the elections for the Hungarian parliament were held, I traveled by car with another journalist and a Hungarian Socialist deputy through southern Hungary. Police armed with rifles were prominent in every town. From time to time our car was stopped by the police and we were peremptorily asked who we were and why we were there. We answered that we were visitors from abroad on our way to the town of Bekes Szaba. Bekes Szaba was described to me by our Hungarian guides as a typical constituency with the "open ballot." Only 46 constituencies in the large cities vote by secret ballot. In the 199 rural constituencies the vote is open. We had come to see how elections were conducted in a country where a parliament is maintained for show purposes, but where the government has no real intention to let the will of the people prevail. The people of Bekes Szaba are small peasants and agricultural workers with traditionally Socialist leanings.

It was rather remarkable that a vote took place at all at Bekes Szaba. If you want to stand as a candidate in Hungary, you have to present a candidature paper signed by 10 per cent of the electorate. This means that you have to procure the signatures of several thousand persons who are not afraid to support the opposition party and let the local aristocrats know it. The local lord is either himself the government candidate or a close friend of the candidate. The election date was purposely fixed so that very short notice could be given, and there was only about a week for the collection of the signatures. Collecting signatures or holding meetings before the dissolution of the old parliament was forbidden. All campaigning during the week immediately preceding the election was also forbidden "for reasons of public order." Propaganda by posters was forbidden—posters might contain the names of the candidates only.

In a number of towns which we passed through we saw posters bearing the names of government and opposition candidates. Nevertheless, in several of these towns the government candidate was returned unopposed. We learned that in these towns the election officials had, one or two days before the poll, found errors in the opposition signature lists. No government signature list was found to have such errors. The opposition maintains that an enormous number of government signatures were faked. In several places it is maintained that the government lists contained more names than there were voters in the whole constituency. Prominent opposition leaders found their names in the government signature lists. There is no appeal against the decision of the election commissioners declaring an opposition candidature void. The Hungarian Premier, Count Bethlen, secured the unopposed return of about sixty of his supporters in this fashion.

On reaching Bekes Szaba we were stopped at the entrance of the city by a man who informed us that he was a detective. He gave us orders to proceed to the Town Hall immediately. The approach of the foreign journalists had been telegraphed by the Minister of the Interior to the Bekes Szaba police. We later found that we had been preceded by similar telegrams wherever we went in Hungary. County presidents, local judges, and election commissioners were busy relaying every one of our moves to one another. I have not met this procedure in countries where governments have a good conscience on election day.

Six Socialist organizers had been arrested at Bekes Szaba. They were released as soon as the news of our arrival was received. The arrest had been a mistake, we were politely told by the police. At Szarvas all bicycles belonging to Socialists had been confiscated in the morning, so as to make campaigning difficult. We never learned whether this had also been a "mistake."

Votes are cast by open verbal declaration. But you cannot just walk into your polling station and say whom you want to vote for. Voters must enter by "groups" sorted according to the candidate they "belong to." A group of twenty Socialist voters and a group of twenty government voters are alternately led from their "meeting places" to the polling station. If there are not sufficient Socialist voters waiting, then another twenty government voters are led in instead. I found that the Socialist meeting places had generally been fixed by the election commissioners at points far away from the polling station, and in several cases in spots where the sun scorched the unsheltered voters. Often, on the way to the polls, one or two of the Socialists were arrested, and the whole crowd was then sent back as a punishment for being "less than twenty." In several cases I could verify the opposition charge that more than twenty government voters were let in each time. In other cases, the Socialist turn never came at all.

Inside the polling stations the peasants and workers were shouted at like a herd of unruly sheep by the commissioners. I could not understand the words of the commissioners, but it was easy to see how they must have frightened such simple and illiterate peasants. I saw Socialist voters rejected for various reasons. On account of the absence of unemployment insurance many persons received some sort of public help during the past winter, if it was only a sack of potatoes. All such people were rejected. Others were bellowed at for not understanding the Hungarian language—many of the Bekes peasants being Slovaks.

At four o'clock, to my surprise, the voting was declared closed by the commissioners in the working-class wards which we were visiting. I learned that the commissioners were permitted to end their work if there were "no more voters waiting." On coming outside, I found the streets crowded with Socialist voters who had been kept waiting for many hours at their meeting places, while only groups of government voters had been allowed in. These people were now tricked out of their vote altogether. They were promptly dispersed by the mounted police. At Szarvas we

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were met by a crowd who complained that machine-guns had been pointed at them when they refused to disperse without having voted. In the well-to-do districts, where the government is certain of its majority, the voting was not ended, but continued until late in the evening.

I took photographs of voters being dispersed. A detective tried to place himself in front of my camera, but otherwise I was not molested. But a Hungarian Jewish journalist, who also took photographs, was at once arrested and his films were destroyed. The election commissioner himself came out into the street in all his glory to shout at the man, and what he said was translated to me as, "You dirty Jew, if you come here again you will be beaten up." Later on he was released. I have reason to believe that he would not have been released if foreigners had not been present.

I saw similar scenes on that day and the next in a number of towns in various parts of Hungary. Under the circumstances I am not surprised at the election victory of the government, but rather at the courage of the many peasants and workers who voted for the opposition, or at least attempted to vote, in spite of all odds. The spirit of the people, whose rights are not only suppressed but mocked at, is admirable. But I could picture what would happen if one day those peasants were to get the chance of taking their revenge on the local lords, the judges, and the election commissioners. Count Bethlen is building a nation of revolutionaries.

It is exceedingly difficult for the opposition to check the counting of the votes. Even votes cast for an opposition candidate may be put down by the election commissioner as having been for the government. In a certain polling station at Szarvas, where the peasant watchers were not allowed to make notes of the vote in writing, they checked the count in the following manner. One of them counted up to ten on his fingers. When he reached ten he nudged his neighbor, who held up one finger. Whenever a hundred was reached, the man who counted the tens in turn nudged his neighbor, who counted the hundreds on his fingers. When the count was finished, they found that the number of Socialist votes registered by the commissioners was considerably smaller than that which they had counted. They had been cheated.

The herds of lean, shabbily clothed, and taciturn opposition voters which appeared before the commissioners were passive but stubborn. Each man and woman clearly and loudly gave the name of the Socialist candidate to the commissioner, though each knew what it would mean to him or her in future months. When one of these voters next comes to ask for city relief, or for tax instalments, he will be told by the officials what it means to have voted for the opposition.

No Socialists and no representatives of the liberal parties were elected in any of the 199 open-vote constituencies, although there is little doubt that many would have won, even under the open-vote system, if all voters had been allowed to vote. Count Bethlen himself has publicly said that the reason for maintaining the open vote is that the country might otherwise fall a prey to radicalism. Of the forty-five seats in districts in which there was secret voting, the Socialists won fourteen, other opposition parties twelve, and the government nineteen.

Murder and mutilation of political opponents are characteristic of the young days of a white terrorist regime. The singular technique that was used for engineering the recent Rumanian and Hungarian elections is the newer method of keeping reactionists in power. A significant result in Rumania and in Bulgaria was the large poll of the Communists, which is evident from the figures even as they appear in the government records. In Hungary, where no Communist candidatures were allowed, the more moderate Socialists profited from the revolutionary sentiment among the poorer classes. But it would be a great mistake to believe that in Hungary or elsewhere the spirit of moderation is engendered in the hearts of the people by the methods of the so-called parliamentary governments of Southeastern Europe. These governments have apparently learned nothing from the fate of the old regime in Russia. The agrarian world crisis is at present sapping their foundations. It is difficult to believe that the end of these governments will be peaceful, bloodless, and democratic. The specter of bolshevism is looming large on the horizon.

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